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NO. I.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

AND now the 'Shenandoah' was again at sea, bound to Cadiz, and poor Midshipman Jenkins lay upon a locker, thinking of the faithless Harmonia!

'I say, Gray,' cried the unfeeling Hart, 'I wish you would administer a dose of oil or magnesia to 'hot poker John,' to carry off that love attack of his, for he eats nothing, looks like a ghost, and is as melancholy as a sea-sick monkey.'

'I would rather prescribe salt-horse and slap-jacks, taken in alternate doses of a pound each,' replied the assistant surgeon addressed. 'But do n't be uneasy, our love-lorn swain will soon be on his feet again, you may rely upon it. I was in a far worse way than he is when I joined this vessel, and now I have the digestion of an ostrich, and the corporation of an alderman, as you know.'

'Pray give in your experience for the benefit of the mess, Doctor,' said Maddox.

'*Ciertamente*,' assented the medico; 'and to make it the more effective, I will endeavor to do so in the true novelist style. On the left bank of a classic stream, known as the river 'Onion, which, taking its rise in the Green Mountains of Vermont, flows in a north-westerly direction, until its waters commingle with the blue waves of Lake Champlain, lies the romantic village of Punkinania; a place no less celebrated for the extraordinary size and rare flavor of the *fruit* which it produces, and from which it takes its name, than for the surpassing beauty of its 'gals.' Fairest among these was Hopeful Tripp, a bouncing lassie of sweet sixteen, who created as sad havoc among the youths of frigid Punkinania, as did Marcela with those of sunny Spain. Many of her rejected lovers (as was natural) took to weeping and *whaling*; not a few sought relief from their sorrows in the assiduous cultivation of the *punkin*; and one poor fellow, Simeon Dodge by name, whose brain was supposed to have been slightly crazed by the frowns of his Dulcinea,

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took to the flute with such inveterate ardor, that in less than a month he had blown himself into a galloping consumption, which galloped him off in a trice to the land of spirits.

'Such was the state of affairs when one afternoon in April last, as I sate on the porch of my father's mansion, which is situate in the heart of that same Punkinania, the fair Hopeful came sailing by. As she had the wind 'right in her teeth' at the time, she displayed a swelling bow that threw me into a perfect state of ecstasy — for I was never an admirer of your clipper-built women — and when after passing the house, she wore short round on her heel and re-passed it on the other tack, running large, I struck my colors at once, since I felt that it was useless to offer resistance to a counter that a Dutch galliot might have envied.

'To cut a long story short, being blinded with love, I immediately recalled to mind the pathetic, poetical story of the wise man who 'jumped into a bramble bush;' and plunged into a courtship of the damsel with 'all my might and main;' and I flattered myself that I was prospering in my suit, when, to my great annoyance, I received orders to this vessel. 'James,' said my father to me, as I handed them to him for his perusal, 'I am sorry to part with you, but still I am glad you are going to leave this village; for that Hopeful Tripp you have been waiting upon for the past month, is a proud puss, who thinks herself too good for mortal man; and depend upon it, she would *trip* you up, if you staid. And, even if she were to take a fancy to you, that mean old mother of hers, the widow Tripp, who is as rich as Cræsus, would n't let her marry you, for she fancies that every man who looks at Hopeful is after her money-bags.'

'This speech, however, far from cooling my ardor, only inflamed it the more; and as my orders compelled me to leave home on the following day, I resolved to dive at once into *medias res*; for which purpose, covered with blushes and buttons (I had donned my best uniform for the occasion) I entered Mrs. Tripp's 'keeping-room' just as the village clock struck twelve. Here I found Hopeful busily engaged in the dissection of a mince pie. 'Take a piece, Doctor,' said she with a winning smile; 'it's so nice.

'Tan't half so nice as you are, Hopeful,' said I; and then down I went on my marrow-bones. But, before I had time to utter a syllable, in rushed the widow, with her gown tucked up above her knees, and a long-handled scrubbing-brush in her hand.

'Drat you, Jim Gray!' said she. 'What on airth are you a wearin' the knees of them are span new trowsers out for, before my gal! Jest you get right up neow, and go straight hum. You do n't get none of my money, you pesky, lazy feller you, now I can tell *you*!' And with that she up with the brush and sprinkled me all over with dirty water. Well of course a saint would n't have put up with such treatment as this, and I *was* mad, and no mistake; so, springing to my feet, I yelled out: 'You darned old pelican, you! who the devil do you suppose wants your money? I only thought of courting your daughter, because every body in the village says it would be a mercy to take her away from such a cross-grained, miserly old cormorant as you are!'

‘Blood and thunder, Maddox, I wish you could have seen the old woman’s eyes sparkle as I concluded this speech. I saw there was no time to lose, and in hot haste made tracks for the street-door; and to this day I have never been able to satisfy myself positively as to which reached it first — myself or that termagant’s brush-handle — my back, however, bore evidence of our having come out in company, and as its testimony was corroborated by that of *nine Spanish cardinals*,* I suppose I ought to place implicit confidence in it. Upon the morrow’s morn, a sadder and a wiser man, I took my departure from the paternal roof, and my feelings may be better imagined than described, to use a stereotyped phrase, when, filled with love and bruises, I reached the ‘Shenandoah.’ You need n’t laugh, Hart, for I was very ill, indeed; and it took a power of brandy to cure me, as Scouse here can testify. Gentlemen, my yarn is spun. As Byron hath it:

‘The little I have said will serve to show’
To what abominable lengths a short, thick-set old woman, with her clothes tucked up, and a brush-handle in her hand, will sometimes go:
The more especially if she catches a *médicin*, (not a Frenchman either) in a blue uniform coat and drab-colored pants, down on his knees,
Passionately a strivin’ her ‘gal’ for to please.’

Scarce had we got an offing from Cape Henry before it came on to blow a furious gale from the eastward, which lasted four days, during all which time we were carrying sail heavily, to keep off a lee shore; and as the mercury, the while, stood but little above zero, men and officers suffered severely. Many of the former were badly frost-bitten, and of the latter, Maddox, Fearless, and myself were laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, in the spar-deck cabin, which Captain Blazes, with his usual kindness, had placed at our disposal.

Our surgeon, Doctor Salado, was a queer old stick, who had but one mode of treatment for all the ills that flesh is heir to. ‘What is the state of your liver? How are your *byowels*?’ were interrogatories put to each sufferer whose name appeared on the ‘sick-list;’ and let the reply be what it might, his invariable prescription was a dose of salts; and if, after partaking of this panacea, the patient failed to report himself cured, the good doctor would give his coat-tails a quick, nervous twitch to starboard, and protest that the disease was purely an imaginary one, wholly beyond the reach of medicine.

‘Well, Mr. Maddox,’ said he as he entered the cabin one morning, ‘how did the salts work?’

‘Capitally, Doctor!’

‘And you feel quite relieved, of course?’

‘I am sorry to say I do not. I am at this very moment suffering the most excruciating agony!’

‘All imagination, my young friend, I assure you!’

Here Maddox, uncovering his left foot, which was dreadfully inflamed, and swelled to the dimensions of a bushel basket *almost*, placed it in very close proximity to the surgeon’s nose, dolorously exclaiming as he

* OUR doctor had, evidently, read QUEVEDO: ‘*Salió de la cárcel con tanta honra, que le acompañaron docientos Cardenales, sino que á ninguno llamaban Señoría.*’

did so : ' Gracious heavens, Doctor, can imagination swell a man's foot up to this e-nor-mous size ! ' Whereupon Salado beat a hasty retreat, leaving us thenceforth to the tender mercies of his assistants, Wells and Gray, both of whom were exceedingly clever in their profession.

Still our confinement was long and painful, and the ship had almost reached her destined port before any one of us was enabled to leave his cot. Our mess-mates, however, endeavored by every means in their power to beguile the weary hours of sickness, passing most of their time, when off duty, by our bed-sides, and entertaining us with all the *news of the day*. From them we learned that our mess having become short of ' grub,' a committee of ways and means had been called to devise measures of relief ; the which committee, after a long debate, deemed it expedient to appoint one of their number, Hart, a commissioner, with plenary powers, to treat with our mortal enemy, old Screw, the purser, for the loan of a half-barrel of ship-biscuit and a bushel of beans. The mission was an exceedingly delicate one, and Hart felt the full responsibility of it ; yet, nothing daunted, he set about the execution of it without delay ; and obtaining an interview with Mr. Screw in his stateroom, he unfolded to him the object of his visit, in an eloquent speech of a half-hour's duration, of which I now remember nothing more than that in it he compared the state of the mess ' to the great desert of Sahara, and the well-known benevolence of the purser to one of its cases.'

' And so you think,' said the *contador*, ' you could get along well enough with some bread and beans.'

' I think we could.'

' Would n't you like a little rice ? '

' If you please.'

' And some beef and cheese ? '

' Oh ! thank you, purser, you are really too good. We will be most happy to take any thing you can lend us.'

' Very well, my dear Sir,' said the amiable Screw, in the blandest possible tone of voice, and patting Hart affectionately on the shoulder as he spoke ; ' be pleased to present my respectful compliments to the members of your mess, and say that I cannot think of *lending* them any provisions, but it will afford me infinite pleasure to *give* each and every individual of them — *two biscuits and a bean* ! '

To this sketch of our generous benefactor, I deem it unnecessary to add another word, save that he was ever thereafter known throughout the service as ' Old Beans.'

As day dawned on the morning of the twenty-sixth of February, the fair city of Cadiz was discovered close under the lee, and by breakfast-time, we had let go both anchors off ' the castle,' whereat we sick reefers were exceedingly rejoiced, as our kind-hearted captain had promised, some days before, to let us take a run to Seville for the benefit of our health, as soon as the ' Shenandoah ' reached port.

After dinner we left the ship in one of the quarter-boats, together with Major Pipeclay, (who was suffering from pneumonia, and designed passing several days ashore,) and landing at the Custom-house steps, we proceeded in a body toward the ' fonda Inglesa.'

Now it so fell out that this being the first day of the Carnival, the whole Spanish nation was given up to fun and frolic. At every corner were to be seen grotesque figures *en mascaro*. On one hand there were 'bulls' and 'bears,' and on the other, dogs and monkeys. Here strutted a *rooster* of the Shanghae breed, and there a peacock, vain of his plumage.

The balconies of the houses were lined with dark-eyed señoritas, who sprinkled us with flour and rose-water as we passed, and ever and anon one more daring than the rest would throw *her babies* at us, to the no small detriment of our *cabezas*, and the serious annoyance of the Major, who kept getting redder and redder in the face, until one of these missiles struck him full on the chest, when being no longer able to contain his indignation, he broke out with: 'Now just you look here! I've had a pain in my breast for more than twenty days, and if you throw one of those accursed rag babies at me again, I'll knock your heads off with a brickbat, by George!'

To this speech, so *intelligible to them*, the merry maidens replied only by shouts of laughter and the exclamation: '*Mira, mira!* que Quixote!' Whereupon Pipeclay, raising himself up to his full attitude, (he was about seven feet tall, and as thin as a garter-snake,) shook his fists at them in an ungovernable rage, at the same time earnestly enquiring of them 'If they *saveed the police and the mayor!*'

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THREE happier fellows there were not in all Andalusia than Fearless, Maddox, and myself, as we found ourselves, at sun-rise on the last day of the Carnival, aboard the steamer 'Rapido,' which was rapidly bearing us out of sight of the spires of Cadiz. Among our fellow-passengers were an English cockney and a French beau, who afforded us an infinite deal of amusement. The Frenchman held a poodle in his lap, which he evidently regarded with the fondest affection. 'Sare,' said he to Maddox, 'do you speak the French?'

'I do not.'

'Vare well, den I must spoak de English, which I speak it a little, but not too much. *Regardez, s'il vous plait.* I mean you shall regard, if you please, at my leetle dog. *Vraiment, c'est un excellent chien. Voila sa queue!* Ah! *mon cher Sare,*' said he, rolling up his eyes and shrugging up his shoulders, until his ears were hid by his coat-collar; 'I have see many, vare many leetle dog, but sich a dog on sich a tail, I never have see, Sare!'

John Bull stalked sullenly about the upper-deck, with his Murray's guide-book in his hand, not deigning to converse with any one, but occasionally asking an *unnecessary question* about the places which we passed.

'What island is that?' cried he as we shot by a low mud-bank.

'That?' replied Fearless, who was standing beside him; 'why, that, my dear Sir, is the Island of Barataria, which that prince of rulers, Sancho Panza, governed so ably in the reign of Don Quixote the First!'

For this valuable piece of information, the cockney had not the polite-

ness to return thanks; but, as he immediately took from his pocket a memorandum-book and a pencil, I presume he 'made a note of it.'

These two gentlemen, by the way, put up at the same hotel with us in Seville, and one evening got excessively 'screwed' on some rare old Monongahela which Maddox brought with him from the ship; whereupon they displayed their national prejudices in a most diverting manner: the Englishman roundly swearing, as he staggered off to bed, that in no country other than England could a man get 'a decent piece of roast beef, or a tender beef-steak,' while the *Crapaud's* last words were, as he rolled under the table: 'American very fine! Englishman — God damn!'* Let the editor of the *London Times*, who prates so *prosily* of the *entente cordiale*, 'put this in his pipe and smoke it.'

About ten o'clock we reached the romantic Guadalquivir, with which I was at first disappointed, as the scenery at its mouth is tame in the extreme; but after ascending it about ten miles, it became so beautiful, that even the morose Englishman was heard to exclaim more than once: 'How lovely! how very, very lovely!'

On the right bank of the river, as far as the eye could reach, were orange and lemon groves, and green meadows, in which the fierce bulls of Andalusia were quietly grazing, little dreaming of the coming *corrida de toros*. On the left, the land gradually rising, became mountainous in the distance, until mingling with the clouds it was lost to view. Tortuous throughout its whole extent, the 'trembling river' became so winding in its course as we approached the far-famed Giralda of Seville, that now the city was on our right, now on our left, and again, we were running directly away from it.

At three in the afternoon we disembarked at the *alameda*, opposite the College of St. Elmo, from which point a brisk five minutes' walk carried us to the *fonda de la reyna*, the which hotel I beg to recommend to all travellers for its neatness and good cheer.

After dining we sallied out to the *paseo de las delicias*, where in one hour I saw more pretty women than I had seen in the whole course of my previous life. Some were as fair as a snow-flake, with blue eyes and auburn hair; others with fair skins had dark hair and eyes; and others again had rich olive complexions, and *such* eyes — so large, so dark, so languid, and yet so piercing, that Maddox under their influence became quite poetical, and leaning against 'Cæsar's column,' he exclaimed:

'Oh! never talk again to me
Of BETSEY, JANE, or dear AMELIA;
I'll give freely the ugly three
For one fair maiden of Sevilla!'

In the evening we went to the San Ferdinand Theatre, where we made the acquaintance of Count Fustado, a captain in the Spanish Navy, who very kindly took us behind the scenes, and introduced us to his particular friends, the *bailadoras*, who, at the time of our introduction to them, were standing on the stage in readiness to dance the

* A fact.

bolero. Suddenly they poised themselves on their left toes, and raised the right to a level with their eyebrows, and we, desirous of conforming in all things to the customs of the country, followed their good example. At this instant up went the curtain, and as we scampered off the stage in confusion, such a cry of 'los Americanos!' went up from parquette and boxes as made our ears ring for an hour afterward.

After the play, feeling the need of some refreshment, we dropped into a café in the vicinity of our lodging, where, to our amazement, we found two lanky specimens of 'the universal Yankee' engaged in earnest conversation; and, as they spoke in a loud tone of voice, not caring a 'continental damn,' as they said, themselves, whether any one overheard them or not, we had the full benefit of all that fell from their lips:

'And so, Bill,' said one, 'you served as an ingineer with these ere blamed *dagos*, you say. Now du tell how you lik 'em!'

'Wal, Nathan,' replied his companion, 'pritty well, considerin' they *are dagos*; but, burst my outboard delivery, if you can ever get 'em to grapple any thing!'

'As how?' rejoined the first speaker: 'I swow, Bill, I can't exactly come at the sense of your observation. And you a Nantucket boy, too? Why, you 've surely hearn tell of Josh Pease's prayer?'

'I can't say I have.'

'Wal, then, I'll tell it ye. You see Josh had ben out on a whalin' v'yage along with uncle Jeremiah Starbuck — him as told old Capting Bunker 'he axed for nuthin' but civilities, and them of the commonest kind' — and the first day to hum, his mother, like an old fool, goes and sets a dish of green corn on the table; and so, Josh, who had n't seen nuthin' fresh for mor'n ninety days, falls right to, and eats the hull of it, which was eighteen ears in all. Wal, 't an't no kind of use to say he had an attack of cholera after it, for that follows, in course. And as the poor fellow was a wrigglin' about, like a pisin-sarpent, with his puddin'-bag all of a hard knot like, his mother, who was a strict Methodist, brings Elder Nubbins to his bed-side:

'My dear Josh,' said the Elder, who had ben a sea-farin' man in his youth, 'you're bound for the other world, and no mistake, and I want you to pray with me.'

'I'm in so much pain, Elder, that I can't pray!' says Josh.

'Oh! let me beg of you to pray!' cried the elder.

'I tell you I won't!' snarled Josh.

'O-my son! have you no pity for me?' snivelled the old woman: 'have you no byowels of compassion?'

'Wal, I should rayther kalkerlate I've got nigh on to forty on 'em *here!*' yelled Josh, with his hands on the pit of his stomach.'

'At length the poor fellow consented to pray, providin' they'd leave him alone awhile; so his mother and the Elder went out of the room; but, bein' naterally curous to hear all he said, they unanimously concluded to stop outside of the door, and listen. What they heerd, no one could find out for a long time. By-and-by, however, it leaked out that Joshua's prayer was: 'O LORD! I'm not like these ere cantin' Methodists, what expects you to do every thing for them, and an't no-

wise willing to help themselves. Now, all I ask is to be relieved of a dozen of these ears, and *I'll try and grapple with the other six!*'

Bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, as the Yankee concluded his yarn, we made ourselves known to him, and invited him and his friend to accompany us to our hotel, where, notwithstanding our *invalidity*, we managed to make a pretty strong night of it.

'Gentlemen,' said Mariano, our guide, to us one morning, as we rose from the breakfast-table, 'I have a rare treat for you to-day. The corregidor has given me permission to take you through the *carcel mayor*, where you will see that noted *bandolero*, Pedro Montés.'

'Lead on, Mariano! we follow,' said Fearless; and so without further words we sallied from our inn, and soon found ourselves within the prison-walls. As we entered his dark and noisome cell, the bandit rose from a wooden bench on which he had been reclining, and, in his rich Castilian tongue, courteously bade us be seated. Then turning to Mariano, he said interrogatively: 'These are English officers, I suppose?'

'No: they are Americans.'

At this reply, an expression of pleasure flitted across his wan features, as leaning against the grated window of his dungeon, and resting his wearied head in his wasted hands, he became lost in thought.

He was a young man prematurely old. Age had not silvered his hair, nor furrowed his swarthy cheek, but trouble *had*; and in every line of his handsome countenance, Grief and Care were legibly written.

'Caballeros,' asked he abruptly, at length awakening from his reverie, 'do you speak Spanish?' and Maddox having replied in the affirmative, the pale prisoner, clanking his chains as he spoke, thus continued:

THE BANDOLERO'S STORY

To you, caballeros, who, born in a blessed land of liberty, dare to think, and to act independently, I take pleasure in relating the history of my life, that you may judge from it for yourselves, whether the heart of Montes be as black as these fetters would paint it.

I was born in Madrid. My parents being in easy circumstances, I received a liberal education, and three years since, at the early age of nineteen, graduated at the university of Salamanca. No sooner had I taken my degree, than my father proposed that I should travel until I attained my twenty-first birth-day, when I was to make choice of a profession for life; and as he coincided in opinion with that Chinese philosopher who says, 'A man should be thoroughly acquainted with his own country before visiting another,' I turned my steps, at his desire, toward Granada.

As I was one day loitering about the streets of that city, my attention was drawn to a group of young girls, who, seated amid the ruins of a mosque, were busily occupied in weaving garlands of flowers, while an old Moor — a professional story-teller — was recounting for their entertainment one of the thousand-and-one legends of his people. Doffing my *sombrero*, I approached the ladies, and apprising them of the fact of my being a stranger, respectfully requested permission to become a

participator with them in the Moor's narration ; which privilege was frankly and graciously accorded to me.

Among the señoritas was one whose pensive face, and large dreamy eyes — darker than the night, and brighter than the noon-day sun — soon drew me to her side ; and entering into conversation with her, I found, to my surprise, that she was Doña Maria de Montes, a distant relation of my own, to whose father I had brought letters of introduction. You can readily surmise, caballeros, the result of this chance meeting. The acquaintance thus unexpectedly made, soon ripened into friendship, friendship into love ; and in less than a month from the day of my first casting eyes upon her, my fair kinswoman was solemnly betrothed to me in the presence of her father confessor ; and a day appointed for our marriage :

I now gave up all thoughts of visiting foreign lands, and resolved to adopt the profession of arms ; whereupon I set off for Madrid, to solicit from the minister of war a commission in the ' Queen's Guards,' then on duty in the palace of the Alhambra, where some of the royal family were temporarily residing. But ' man proposes and God disposes !' Before I reached Cordoba, a courier overtook me with the maddening intelligence that on the very day of my departure from Granada, my *novia* had been forcibly abducted from her father's house, by the Marquis of Cadiz, a nobleman whose vices were the reproach of the kingdom.

Knowing my inability to cope with the powerful marquis, I continued my journey to Madrid, to ask the protection of Her Majesty for Mariquiña ; and, at the same time, I wrote to the venerable Archbishop of Granada, imploring his influence in her and my behalf. The cleric sent me a response, filled with much pious counsel, and an admonition ' to conform myself to the Lord's will,' while Her Majesty, whose sympathies were entirely with the libidinous marquis, (for you must know, caballeros, that this ' Queen by the grace of God ' is so noted for her scandalous amours, that she is contemptuously styled by the lower classes, ' *el guante usado*,') actually reprimanded me, a *plebeian*, for daring to complain of one of her nobles.

And so, Church and State having mocked me, I had recourse to those whom Spain has ever had more cause to bless than to curse — I mean the *bandoleros*, whose captain I soon became.

I now passed whole nights in devising schemes of revenge for the injury I had received ; and in a year from this time I had reduced the proud Marquis of Cadiz from a state of affluence to one of comparative beggary. Still I was unable to get possession of his person, or of that of Mariquiña.

At length, however, word was brought to me that a woman dying in a peasant's hut, not far from our place of rendezvous, desired to speak with me. This woman, caballeros, was *my novia*. I spare you the recital of her wrongs ! She was buried at the mouth of a cavern, which served as a retreat for our band, and with my own hands I erected a cross over her grave.

This was but a month ago ; and two days thereafter I stood upon the same spot, face to face with my enemy. It was mid-night, and the

torches of my trusty followers, who encompassed us, threw a fitful glare over the scene :

“ ‘Don Gaspar de Aguilar, Marquis of Cadiz,’ said I, ‘you are now standing beside the grave of her whom you so deeply wronged. Prepare to meet thy God!’

“ ‘I wronged her, it is true,’ faltered the wretch ; ‘but, believe me, I had respect unto her honor.’

“ ‘Are you speaking the truth?’

“ ‘I am.’

“ ‘Then swear it by that cross.’

‘And as the trembling coward knelt and kissed the sacred emblem, I buried my stiletto in his bosom ; thus sending him, with a lie upon his lips, back to the hell from whence he sprung.

‘And now, caballeros, I am here, a captive condemned to the *garrote*. But think not I mourn my lot. No : life has no charms for me now. And although I am doomed to an ignominious death, I have the sweet consolation of knowing that my grave will be watered by the tears of my companions, and my memory live in the hearts of thousands of the poor, whose necessities I relieved from the overflowing coffers of the Marquis of Cadiz.’

As the *bandolero* ceased speaking, my mess-mates and I sadly and silently withdrew from his presence ; and when, a week later, news reached us, as we were going out of the harbor of Cadiz, that his sentence had been carried into execution, one of our number at least wept over his untimely fate.

S H A D O W S .

THE shadows which at sun-set flit
Across my room with noiseless wings,
I know not why, but yet to me
They seem like living things :

I feel that they are living forms,
From earthly grossness free :
The kindred of my soul they seem,
Come back to visit me :

The sun sinks down, they flee away
Through the unopened door ;
They leave behind no change of form,
No foot-prints on the floor.

Oh ! ever since my friend has lain
In her dark, silent tomb,
I’ve wished that I might steal from life,
As shadows from my room.

Yellow Springs, (O.), Dec. 4th, 1887.

THE FRENCH SETTLERS OF ILLINOIS.

I.

In the dark and cold December nights
Which come in winter's train,
When the cheery fire within burns bright,
And without are sleet and rain,
I love to read with strange delight
Old stories o'er again :

II.

Old stories of that by-gone time,
When this dear land was young;
When settlers from a distant clime
Would speak in many a tongue,
Of other homes, and youth's sweet prime,
And their native ballads sung :

III.

When thy French settlers, Illinois,
Encamped along thy shore,
And the merry '*Coureurs des Bois*'
So gayly plied the oar,
And sent their chorus songs of joy
The lake's blue waters o'er :

IV.

When the French peasants crossed the sea,
Another home to find,
And Picardy and Normandy
Lay smiling far behind,
They found amid the forests free
A welcome warm and kind.

V.

O the merry, merry times they knew,
Full many a tale has told,
When all the Western summer through
The sun-shine's shimmering gold
Lay o'er the broad, bright '*Common Field*,'
Which all alike might hold :

VI.

When down the narrow village street,
O'erhung by balconies,
Their cheerful tones, and dancing feet,
And Norman melodies,
Made all the summer evenings sweet,
O'er-arched by starry skies :

VII.

When hardy *voyageurs* with cheer
Come back from lake and sea,
And peasants wonderingly would hear
Their tales of prowess free,
And they gayly sung for maiden's ear
'*L'amour me reville* : *

* '*L'amour me reville*' is still sung by the French boatmen on the North-west lakes.

VIII.

When Jesuit fathers came to rear
The Cross amid the wood,
And the fort and chapel, side by side,
Amid the village stood,
With Indian wigwams gathered near,
A dusky multitude.

IX.

St. Genevieve, Kaskaskia,
And Prairie du Rochér!
Thy villages so blithe and gay,
Thy maidens sweet and fair,
Thy primal days have passed away,
Among 'the things that were:'

X.

Gone with the dwellers of the fort,
Who statelier presence bore,
Who in the gay King LOUIS' court
Had mingled oft of yore,
And still, amid these Western wilds,
Their country's costume wore.

XI.

Ah! therefore do I love to sit,
These stormy winter nights,
While fire-lights' flickering shadows flit
Along the hearth, like sprites,
And think of these old primal days,
With all their rare delight;

XII.

For they bring the summer to my heart,
And sun-shine to my room,
All brightest forms to being start,
They chase away the gloom;
And 'mid them all is waited past
The ripened grape's perfume;

XIII.

Like that which haunts my memories
Of a summer passed away,
When underneath Provençal skies
I wandered day by day,
Through quiet old-world villages,
Which, lapped in sun-shine, lay:

XIV.

When the convents' silvery bells pealed out
At 'vesper and at prime:'
The village songs, the peasants' shout,
The merry vintage chime,
Still haunt my heart, this winter's night,
Like tales of olden time.

ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

THE CASKET OF ACHMET BEY.

BY EBEN BARTON.

In the winter of 18—, while ascending the Nile with a Frenchman named Gardet, in pursuit of adventure, we had occasion to stop at the town of Ossiût. Gardet was a Frenchman by birth, and had been my companion for three years, through all my Asiatic wanderings; and a mutual attachment having arisen, he now considered himself as an inseparable constituent of mine. He was a man shrewd by nature, of undaunted courage, but so garrulous that I never breathed to him my plans until they were ready for fulfillment. Of myself, all the reader need know is, that I had been travelling in Egypt and Asia; that I spoke the language fluently, and flattered myself that I understood Oriental manners and character pretty thoroughly. By birth I am an American. As we always made it a point to pay our respects at headquarters, we at once went to see the Governor, Achmet Bey, a fine-looking Oriental, a Turk by nation, although, as he told us, a resident for twenty years of Egypt. We found him at his palace, about half a mile from the river, seated on a divan of beautiful needle-work, before which was one of the finest and most gorgeous of Persian mats. On his right was a long *nargileh*. He rose as we entered, received us with cordiality, and bestowed on us every attention that inherent politeness could devise.

After smoking with him for some time, and conversing on Egyptian topics, he showed us many curiosities, and all his accoutrements: among them was a saddle, richly mounted with silver, which was presented to him by the Pasha of Egypt. While examining its workmanship attentively, I noticed a small pocket on one side, which seemed to be filled with coin. Observing that it had attracted my attention, the Governor, who had worn an anxious countenance throughout our visit, notwithstanding his cordiality, remarked that he had lost the key to it, or he would be pleased to show me the contents, which he also valued as being the Pasha's gift. He then handed the saddle to an attendant, and, making a sign for my companion to follow with our dragoman, he linked my arm in his, and after glancing at my face, as though to read in it the probability of my being trustworthy, and apparently concluding that I was, confided to me that *he had been robbed*.

After pausing to note the effect produced by this announcement, he continued:

'About a week ago my brother, who resides at Stamboul, sent to me a small iron safe, curiously bound with Damascene steel, and studded with brass. It was a gift long promised me, and I prized it as my very beard. I showed it to many persons, but opened it before few, lest they should so envy the contents as to steal it from me.'

'And what did the box contain so precious, that you so carefully guarded it?' I asked.

'That which I most valued, was a signet-ring, set with the most beautiful opal eye ever beheld : there were also jewels of countless value ; some of them I presented to my Harem, but far more than I gave, remained. There was also the key to the saddle-pocket, at which you were just now looking. What was my consternation to find this morning, that it was gone !— stolen from beneath my head, while I slept ! And now,' he continued, dropping his voice still lower, 'I want you, who are famed for your shrewdness,' (alluding to an occurrence in Cairo,) 'to discover the thief ; if you try, and fail —— But I know you will succeed ; if you do succeed, one-third of the jewels you are the means of restoring to me, shall be your own.'

He paused as we reached his palace, and entered. I determined to undertake the recovery for him : the reward would enable us to continue our wanderings, for at least another year, in my dearly-loved East.

'I consent,' said I, when we were again seated, 'to try my powers, to have returned to you the treasure you have lost.'

Achmet rubbed his hands with delight, and already congratulating himself on his success, bade me ask any thing of him I needed. 'I want,' I replied, 'a permit to go anywhere through your town I please, and to enter any house through your domain ; and finally, that you say not a word to any one concerning your loss.'

He readily promised secrecy : he had been too much chagrined to mention it before, and gave me the paper I wanted. I told Gardet that I should remain at Ossiūt for a few days, and requested him to leave with the boat at night for Upper Egypt, and remarked that I would overtake him by horse-back in four or five days at the most. I farther requested him to give out that I was on board, and to make any excuse he pleased for my non-appearance. This done, I rejoined Achmet Bey, and desired him to show me the room from which the safe was stolen. It was in the second story, and could be reached only by passing through two smaller chambers. Having reached it, I desired to be left alone : and now began a survey.

The room was sixteen feet square : on the east and west sides there were no openings. The walls were wattled and hung with red tapestry ; but for economy, this was stretched tightly along the wall. The ceiling was composed of beams, on the upper side of which planks were fastened. There was apparently no opening communicating with the loft above. A lounge, covered with damask, occupied one portion of the room, while ottomans of various patterns were disposed in the corners. On the north side was the door of entrance. This I examined carefully, and found upon the wooden bolt, which could be drawn only from within, no mark of violence, nor even a fresh scratch. On the south side of the apartment were two windows, small, it is true, but still of size sufficient to admit the ingress of an ordinary-sized man. One was latticed, the other had the lattice removed. I examined both the sills : there was no rubbing of the paint, and no sand remaining which could have been brought by the foot of an intruder.

I was puzzled. The floor yet remained to be examined. It was of red-and-blue tile, and appeared solid throughout ; there were no marks

of foot-steps upon it ; and in some places the dust had accumulated undisturbed. I now descended, and was met by Achmet. I put on an expression of intelligence, but declined conversation ; and to his question, ' Any trace yet ? ' I simply replied : ' Wait ! ALLAH will not let wickedness go unpunished.'

It was now nearly dusk, yet I began to reconnoitre the exterior of the palace. It was of an oblong form, and its greatest length was from east to west. There was but one tree very near it, and that was a gigantic palm, which towered twice the height of the palace, at about a yard's distance from its walls. I next examined the windows of the chamber from below. There was a blank wall to their very sills. I then searched the ground, for indications of the use of a ladder ; and in so doing, found the marks of feet. There was a deep indentation as from a jump, beneath the window which had no casement, and from this first mark, a single track led off to the village. But in these tracks there was one peculiarity, which was particularly observable from the loamy soil : all the heel-prints were deeper than those of the toe. It had now become dark, and I reëntered the palace. To avoid questioning, I immediately retired — not to sleep, but to think.

And now let me trace the conclusions to which I came. I argued that the thief was one of those to whom the treasure had been shown : that he must have been courageous, to have taken that which an armed man most prized, from beneath the pillow on which he slumbered : he must also have been athletic, to place sufficient confidence in himself, in case of discovery. I farther reasoned that he must have been of the higher order, to know that a few shining stones were of immense value, and to have been permitted to view them by Achmet Bey. Next, to the question, ' How did he enter ? ' I argued after this manner : He assuredly did not get in at the window, for the foot-prints all pointed away from it : then, as the heel-prints were deepest, he must have *taken those steps backward*, to mislead any observer from his true mode of exit ; and he made the counterfeit of a leap, to further that impression : *ergo*, he must have been a cunning man.

I now returned in fancy to my scrutiny of the room : all was examined except the ceiling, and as it was next to impossible that he had entered from the walls, floor, or window, he must have come from the roof. But one other suggestion presented itself, and that I at once dismissed. It was this : Could he have been hidden in the room ? There was no place for concealment, except behind the tapestry, and this, as previously stated, was so closely connected with the wall, as to make the hiding of a man impossible,

I now summed up the result in these few words : The box was stolen by a cunning fellow ; he entered by the roof, and probably departed the same way ; the thief must be of the higher rank. After which conclusions I dismissed all farther thought from my mind, and slept.

The next morning I examined the roof by means of a pole, and soon found a board which yielded to my pressure. I piled one ottoman upon another, and with ease removed the plank entirely. On one side of

the adjoining plank I discovered a small piece of blue cashmere ; a mere shred, it is true, but from it I learned two important things : I was right in my conjecture that the thief was of high rank, for the material was costly ; and second, that the man, whoever he was, was dressed in a blue robe. So costly was the cashmere, that I at once concluded that he would continue to wear the robe, notwithstanding the rent ; so I had now to look for a man who wore a torn or mended blue robe. I drew myself up into the loft, where I found a piece of palm-ropes made fast to the rafter above, long enough to have materially aided egress ; and I availed myself of it to descend again into the apartment.

I now went round the building once more, and satisfied myself that the palm-tree was the means of attaining the roof. But from its size, it must have been a man of extraordinary frame who could grasp it. Beneath it were footprints, but whether of the thief or not, was now immaterial to me. My chain of evidence was thus far complete. My host met me, and inquired what progress had been made ? I told him only a portion of my discoveries, and asked him for the key of the box. This he produced, and gave into my possession. He asked if there was any thing else I desired ? 'All I now want,' I replied, 'is a full suit of Turkish clothes, so that I may pass as one of your relatives from Stamboul, and then I can almost insure you success.'

He furnished me with what I desired ; and I was soon arrayed in the rich garb of a merchant-prince. One remark, however, which he made while I was disguising, excited my suspicions as to his ultimate intentions toward *me* : he earnestly desired me to give up to his keeping my revolving pistol. This I declined, and only took the greater care to keep it on my person, as well as the two silver-mounted flint-locks (which, by-the-way, oftener far do not go off, than prove availing,) that he gave me to complete my disguise. Thus attired, and armed with pistols, pass, and key, I went to the rude blacksmith of the place, feeling sure that the thief would have to employ his assistance in opening the casket, and asked him if he could make me a key like the one I at the same time presented to him. His brief reply was :

'What will you take for *this*, which I now hold ?'

'Why do you wish to purchase it ?'

'I have been trying to make one of a similar pattern for the last two days, but cannot succeed ; and ABDALLAH EFFENDI has promised me eighty piastres if I succeed in opening a box for him.'

'Who is Abdallah Effendi ?' I inquired carelessly.

'Hist ! here he comes ! Let no one know I told you that he had lost the key of his box, for I promised by ALLAH to keep silence.'

Giving the man a nod, as much as to say, 'I'll keep your secret, and will return directly,' I left his shop, taking the key with me. Going into the bazaar opposite, I could observe Abdallah Effendi at my leisure, without being myself perceived. There stood the man I wanted ; tall, of Herculean frame, with little black twinkling eyes, dressed in a deep blue cashmere robe, whether torn or not I neither saw nor cared, so firmly was I persuaded of his identity with the thief, as he stood talking to the one-eyed blacksmith, HASSAN EL KEBIR, with all the earn-

estness and watchfulness of a man who has to confide a secret to a second party, and who fears discovery therefrom.

He soon left the shop, and I followed him at a little distance to his house, which he entered.

Returning to the palace, I told my host that the culprit resided near the Jews' quarter, in the neighborhood of Abdallah Effendi, or as he was sometimes called, El Shereef, from the fact that he was one who claimed descent from the Prophet. I requested him to send Abdallah on a fool's errand, I cared not where; alleging, as my reason, that I did not want him to see me prying around his neighborhood. The true reason was, I dreaded his wrath on discovering that he was over-reached. The next day, Abdallah having been sent to Manfaloot, HEAVEN only knows on what pretext, I went to his house, and had penetrated to the door of his harem before I met with any opposition. This was guarded by a single eunuch, to whom I read my pass from the Governor; and at the same time, to quicken his comprehension, slipped into his hand a twenty-piastre piece. A good deal of argument, and another gold-piece, carried the day, and, like Don Juan, I entered the harem, that tabooed spot, by strategy. Knowing from its sacredness that it would be the place of deposit, I had calculated on finding the casket there: and I was not mistaken!

The room was a large one, painted and adorned with far more taste than a mere cursory Egyptian *Howaji* would dream of finding there. Three of the wives of Abdallah were in the room, and two of his children. The exclamation, and then the repeated cries and screams they made at my intrusion, caused me to fear that their guard would forget the favors past, and returning to his duty, kill me.

I succeeded, however, in quieting their fears, by informing them that I was a relative of their husband, and had instructions from him to present personally to them an order, (here I showed my pass — an old deed would have done as well, for I knew they could neither read nor write,) for the iron box which he had *purchased* two days before. They whispered together, looked at me and then at the pretended order, and finally decided to give me the box. Accordingly they withdrew it from its concealment beneath the ottoman on which they sat, and gave it to me. I took it quietly, appeared in no hurry to leave, (and to tell the truth, I was not, for such divine beauty I had never witnessed before, and fear I never shall again,) sipped a glass of sherbet, gave them the 'order' to show their husband, and quietly putting the box under my robe, reached Achmet Bey's in safety, and bestowed my prize, unknown to any one, securely in my apartment. Toward evening I packed up my European clothes, and took them to a thicket outside the town, to the south. I then returned, opened the box, *selected my third* of the jewels, and then replaced it under an ottoman.

The next morning at day-break, I took the horse Achmet had placed at my disposal, and riding to the thicket, fastened my bundle to the saddle-bow, and left him in charge of a boy, giving directions to await my return, and then walked home. After our morning meal, I told Achmet that I had every reason to believe that we had been successful, and proposed to walk with him. I took care to see that my host had not

his pistols with him, as I feared he would regret the loss of so large a portion of his jewels when again within his grasp. We conversed pleasantly until we reached the thicket, where I mounted my horse, talking rapidly all the time, and threw the boy a piastre.

'And now, mine host,' said I, 'ALLAH be praised, let me tell you that I have found your casket: with the saddle-key, it is beneath the ottoman in the room from which it was stolen: guard it better this time.'

'But your reward?' inquired Achmet, evidently growing anxious.

'Have I not this robe, this horse, and these pistols?'

'But were you not to have had one-fourth of the jewels?'

'You told me *one-third* at first, and fearing that my share might be but an eighth, or perhaps none, if left to your bounty, I have helped myself to a full third: the remainder, with your opal ring, are safe at home; and now ALLAH be with you!'

So saying, I spurred my fleet Arabian, saw Achmet feel nervously for his trusty pistols, and then run toward the palace, as if to make sure of the remnant of the jewels. The only excuse I could ever frame for Abdallah's theft was the extreme beauty of those for whom he evidently designed the treasure.

For myself, I reached Gardet in safety, and amused him with a recital of my adventure. Instead of returning by the Nile, we went across the desert by caravan to the Red Sea; and after a year's farther travel, the costs of which were defrayed by certain jewels, ever to be remembered, I returned home, bringing some of the finest with me, as specimens of the contents of THE CASKET OF ACHMET BEY.

T O ——— .

T H O U A R T N O T M I N E .

YES! often have those deep dark eyes
 Shed their soft light on me,
 As twin stars on a summer night
 Look out upon the sea;
 And I have sipped the sweetest dew
 From those dear lips of thine:
 Yet felt the bitter, bitter pang,
 Thou wert not wholly mine!

And I have clasped thee to my breast,
 And watched thine half-closed eyes,
 And heard thy manly voice, so sweet,
 Speaking to me in sighs:
 And fainting with excess of bliss,
 Have laid my burning breast on thine!
 Only to feel more bitterly
 That then thou wert not mine.

Emira, (N.Y.) Nov. 12, 185.

EMMA.

' D O L O R E S . '

BY F. 'BRET' HARTZ, CALIFORNIA.

SEVILLE'S towers are worn and old;
 Seville's towers are gray and gold:
 Saffron, purple, and orange dyes,
 Meet at the edge of her sun-set skies :
 Bright are Seville's maidens' eyes,
 Gay the cavalier's guitar :
 Music, laughter, low replies,
 Intermingling; and afar,
 Over the hill, over the dell,
 Soft and low: Adagio !
 Comes the knell of the vesper-bell,
 Solemnly and slow.

Hooded Nun, at the convent wall,
 Where the purple vines their tendrils throw,
 Lingering, looking, wouldst recall
 Aught of this giddy scene below ?
 Turn that pensive glance on high :
 Seest thou the floods in yon blessed sky,
 The shores of those isles of the good and blest,
 Meeting, mingling, down the west ?
 E'en as thou gazest, lo! they fade :
 So doth the world from these walls surveyed ;
 Fleeting, false, delusive show ;
 Beauty's form, but hectic's glow.

'The convent-walls are steep and high :
 DOLORES! why are your cheeks so pale ?
 Why do those lashes silent lie
 Over the orbs they scarce can veil,
 E'en as the storm-cloud, dim and dark,
 Shrouding the faint electric spark ?
 Canst thou those languid fires conceal,
 Which scorched the youth of fair Castile ?
 That tender half-distracted air —
 Can that be *faith* ; or is 't despair ?
 That step, now feeble, faltering, slow ;
 Is that the lightly-tripping toe
 That gayly beat the throbbing floor,
 Or woke the echoing corridor,
 By purple Tagus' rippling shore,
 A summer month ago ?'

Sister, listen, nearer, higher !
 Voices sweet in the distant choir :
 'Salve! salve! ave Maria!
 VIRGIN, blest with JESUS' love,
 Turn our thoughts to thee above!'

'DOLORES!' Mark ye that dying fall ?
 'DOLORES!' Ho there! within the wall:
 Fly ye! the Lady Superior call:
 A nun has fled from the convent wall!

K E - W A - K U - N A H .

THE ROAD THAT LEADS HOMEWARD: THE SPIRIT-WAY.

I HAVE been gazing on one of the summer's most gorgeous sun-sets. It has brought to mind a little incident I wish to relate to you: a pleasant memory of my forest wanderings, which neither change of place, or time, can ever make me forget.

Some three years since, I was away with a party of friends upon the banks of one of the far northern tributaries of the Mississippi, miles and miles above the Falls of St. Anthony! All around was Nature's wild dominion: it was one of the homes of her forest children, whom we had travelled so far to meet in council.

On a little hill-side, sloping westward, with a thin grove of pine behind, and a wide stretch of hazel-copse and open prairie before, we sat as the summer day drew near its close. The council-circle was not yet broken. Foremost there in the ring, were hoary chiefs, surrounded by their grim, scarred warriors, listening with solemn attention to the words of their 'New Father,' and, in turn, rising in grave majesty to reply.

Among the chiefs was one old man, whose venerable appearance from the first had excited our attention. His long hair was silvery white, contrasting strangely with the clear, dark eyes and dusky brow, above which was a rudely-braided wreath of evergreen — a simple chaplet beside the gaudy fillets of his brethren. The hands of the old man were palsied with age; and his feet, from weakness, had long since ceased to lead the warriors on their trail, or to follow in their paths. All the afternoon he sat leaning a little forward upon the felled council-pine, listening with absorbed interest to every word that fell from the lips of the speakers; but as the sun sank lower and lower toward the far distant line of the horizon, his attention seemed diverted by the gorgeous splendor of that evening sky. The deep fire of excitement slowly faded from his eyes, and in its place grew a softer, mistier light, as when one gazes through a dream medium on some picture of tranquil beauty. We watched him closely, wondering much what might be the dream of that century-old man whom the world called 'savage.'

Slowly sank the sun; and as one-half the circle of its rays disappeared beyond the boundary-line of vision, the old chief rose, and pointing with a trembling finger toward the track of the departing orb, exclaimed: 'Ke-wa-kū-nah!'

There was sudden silence in the ring; and while we who knew not the meaning or force of the sentence, gazed with reverential awe upon the singular old man, the interpreter repeated after him, in a tone scarcely less impressive than his own, 'Ke-wa-kū-nah!' *The road that*

leads homeward! Oh! how our hearts thrilled there in the forest, as that simple but beautiful figure of speech was interpreted to our understandings, and we saw before us in the magnificent track of the summer sun, the red man's spirit-road — the road that leads *homeward!*

The red man looks westward for the Land of Spirits; but wherefore, is not certain. Some suppose it to be only the dim tradition of a lost home, from which they may have been expelled in by-gone years; but whether such supposition be true or not, thither in his bewildered imagination he expects to return in the 'Road of Souls.' It is with his face toward the evening sun, with his blanket wrapped around him, with his gun resting on his shoulder, and his fire-steel and flint in the pouch by his side, that the Chippewa is placed in his grave, to follow on the sun's invisible way. Question them; they will tell you their spirit-path is *well-worn*; that it is *straight* and *open*, but very *long*; that the traveller must camp out three nights on his journey: he will then reach a deep, dark river, over which is a rolling log, difficult to pass, and which once gone over, takes the form of a huge black serpent, forever guarding the path of return. This is the road which their ancestors have trodden from generation to generation. By the way-side grows the great red strawberry, which the soul may eat to satisfy its hunger and to quench its thirst. On a blasted pine sits a great eagle, to counsel the spirit as it passes, and warn it of danger, like a grandfather! But when the river is reached, the soul has no longer need of aid or counsel. There the spirits of his relatives who have passed before him, come to meet him with lighted torches, to help him over the dark stream, and to lead him by the hand to their beautiful fields, where are clear lakes, running brooks, and forests of game! A land where there are no droughts, nor wintry snows, but where souls may hold festival through all the year.

Such is the red man's paradise — a paradise not unlike the Elysium of the more refined and cultivated Greek. Neither is it very far removed from the more spiritual and holy heaven of the Christian believer, as pictured in the Apocalypse of the New Testament. I venerate the red man's belief; and whether the eye of Christian or heathen sees in the sun's evening way the 'Ke-wa-kū-nah' of souls, the figure is full of beautiful meaning!

Such was the vision in the eye of that old Indian chief — while the reality was but just before him. Already the friends of his youth, who had reached the Spirit Land, were lighting their torches to meet him beyond the sun-set river. Soon the hands of the living would turn his face toward the west, and wrap his blanket around him for his last journey; and the next traveller may look in vain for the figure of the venerable old man. But if our feet ever wander away again to the forests of 'Crow-Wing,' we will ask for his resting-place, and reverently lay a stone on the little mound which those who love him will rear above his dust.

JANE GAY FULLER.

T H E P L A C E B Y T H E S E A .

I HAVE found just the spot that I wanted,
The place I have looked for so long,
Where the climate is really enchanting,
The air full of unwritten song.
Where the women are radiant and rosy,
And dress as their grandmothers did,
Where the old folks are happy and cosy,
And children behave as they're bid.

It's a place by the edge of the ocean,
With the charmingest sort of a beach,
And picturesque rocks on the margin,
The billows are chafing to reach;
Where the meadows slope down to the breakers,
And breakers dance up to the land —
The debatable region between 'em
A surf-beaten crescent of sand.

Serene are the skies of the summers,
As Italy ever could boast,
And sweet is the breath of the breezes
That hallow the lovable coast.
The surf, booming over the ledges,
The dreamiest melody makes,
That comes to the ear like the murmur
The sea-shell forever awakes.

The place is remarkably quiet,
Where steam-whistles never are heard;
Where the plover is tame as the robin,
The woodcock a lot-alone bird.
It's too far away for the sportsman
To come with his pestilent gun,
And too great a distance from railroads
For lovers of fashion and fun.

The men are not talking of dollars,
They have something to think of beside,
And are always at church on a Sunday,
Without ostentation or pride.
The women are simple and modest,
Though willing enough to be seen,
But would run from the last style of bonnet,
And blush at a stiff crinoline.

There the sea air gives relish to chowder;
There apples will keep into spring;
There the rot is unknown to potatoes,
And corn is a very sure thing.
The chickens you find on the table
Are old-fashioned pullets, and fat,
And the lamb that you get is not mutton —
And surely there's something in that.

No telegraph startles the dreamer
 With news of the shocking and vile,
 Though a newspaper, printed in Boston,
 Enlightens folk — once in a while.
 No Irishman comes with his blarney,
 For it's out of the way of a priest,
 And of all the inducements to tarry,
 This last is not one of the least.

Moreover, they tell me that never
 Was poverty known in the town;
 That the poorest have money invested,
 And pay for their purchases, *down*.
 It follows that one thing is lacking,
 And that's a poor devil like me:
 So I think I will pack up to-morrow,
 And go down to that place by the sea.

G. H. C.

Ellas-Land.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

SCENE, a law-office ; time, ten o'clock in the forenoon. Door opens quietly. In comes a man of small stature, wiry and nervous build, keen restless gray eyes, neatly dressed, with a searching glance about the rooms, and a cat-like tread. He looks cautiously at the young man who assists me in copying and preparing papers ; commences conversation with me on indifferent topics ; looks again at the clerk, and pauses. The young man, never dull of comprehension, perceives that he is in the way, gets up and leaves the office. The client follows him to the door, shuts it after him, places his ear to the key-hole to follow the retreating footsteps of the clerk, comes back to his chair, and commences conversation in almost a whisper, looking from time to time over his shoulder, lest some one should approach unheard. He is now invited into a more retired room, another door shut between him and the world, and proceeds to business.

' Shocking want of confidence among capitalists. Five millions first Mortgage Bonds on Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail Road ; large amounts pledged to secure certain paper in banks. My name on the paper ! Money short ! Bonds will not sell ! Several hundred thousand first-class stocks and bonds of my own ; can't sell any of them ! Consider myself worth, at a moderate estimate, half a million ; but selling securities at present rates could not pay my debts ! Notes and bills running like locomotives. Must go to protest ! collaterals must go at forced sale ! so much thrown on the market will go for a song, and debts remain unpaid ! Feel justified, indeed consider it a duty to protect myself from untimely ruin : sorry to involve indorsers, but in times

like these, one must not be tenacious of doing as he would choose ! Wish papers drawn in haste to put certain property, not to be under cover, but where I can control it.'

'Sorry to advise, Mr. Blodget, in a case of so much urgency without fuller opportunity to make arrangements, but very apprehensive the kind of arrangement sought is inadmissible. The law is stiff and hard, and refuses to be bent for exigencies, and rather sharp, too, to unmask. Would be glad to serve you, but see no proper way to accomplish the object. Better let the bonds sell.'

'But,' says Mr. Blodget, 'they will not sell. They have no basis !'

'How is that ?'

'The notes were given to raise money to begin the work ; and as fast as the work is done, there is so much basis for the bonds. If we could have sold them all, at fair rates, there would have been just so much basis, by laying out the money on the road. All a very fair transaction, and would have been a nice thing, but for an unexpected lack of confidence. Have made some beautiful operations that way, very safe to all parties, but never saw such a panic ! Capitalists will not look at a rail-road bond or stock certificate. Have done my duty, and must wash my hands of it.'

Mr. Blodget left me. A few days after this, a crowd was gathered in front of one of the principal banking-houses. The doors were shut, and a notice was posted to the effect that the bank was in a sound condition, was believed to be able to pay its debts, but owing to want of confidence, was obliged temporarily to suspend. The fact was whispered about that large rail-road acceptances had gone to protest, collaterals of stocks and bonds had depreciated, and currency had run short. Soon another and another banking-house were besieged with throngs of anxious depositors wishing to draw their money. Another and another door was shut, and notices posted not unlike the first. Mechanics who that morning ate their breakfast with a comforting sense of money in bank, impatiently elbowed their way through crowds to find themselves too late. Widows who had placed their mite beyond the reach of robbers and of fire, in vaults of wonderful strength, and whose weekly dole was magnified by a consciousness that their check would be honored in bank, now collected like stricken creatures, nervous and pale. Merchants who never went to protest, saw their means of payment locked up, but their paper still at large, and running with dire speed toward maturity. Those nicely-dressed gentlemen, behind mahogany counters, whose little heads were accustomed to nod wisely on subjects of exchange and finance, who seemed born to gloves and fast horses and country-seats, and who rode high fortunes by reason of their skill in banking, shrunk to smaller dimensions. Confidence had diminished ! They could no longer pay with a gracious smile, without money to pay with. They could not get paper *done* because nobody would *do* it. There was abroad an awful sense of insecurity. If these very wise and sharp men have not been wise and sharp, where is wisdom to be found ? Was it foolish to trust them ? Where is this misfortune to be fathered ? The throng sets toward still another banking-house, and in the fierce desire to check their money before the bank fails, individuals press forward with vehement

zeal. So compact is the mass squeezing to and through the door, that no one individual can make an impression upon it. The mass absorbs the individual purpose and will of its components, and seems to have a purpose and soul of its own. In this stage of the panic a pale woman approaches, with hectic cheeks and hollow cough, with her pass-book. She sees how impossible to work her way through the crowd, and exclaims in despair :

‘What *shall* I do ? What *shall* I do ?’

Our former acquaintance, James, opportunely stepped forward and inquired :

‘What is the matter, Madam ?’

‘Oh ! I’m ruined ! I’m ruined !’ exclaimed she. ‘I’m sick. The bank is going to break, and my little money is there — all my money. What *shall* I do ?’

‘Give me your pass-book, Madam, and I will get through, and get your money, if possible.’

She gave him her pass-book without hesitation. The bank she had long trusted with her money she was unwilling to trust longer, but she trusts in a moment this man whom she had never seen. James, with a good deal of vigor and adroitness, made his way into the crowd, and was borne forward with it to a point near the door, when he happened to think that if he should get in, it would be useless. He could not expect the money to be paid on his check. But how could he get back ? He raised himself so that the crowd almost lifted him from his feet, and by a spring, threw himself horizontally on top of the human mass, and thus rapidly made his way again to the open street. He explained to the woman the difficulty, and told her she must go in herself. He then cautioned her to pay no attention to others, but await her opportunity. Possibly a passage might be made ; and if so, she must go in, not waiting to give any attention to what should pass outside. He then ran with eager speed to the middle of a street crossing the one on which the bank stood, and distant one block and a half. There he stood erect, looking steadily up street. Some of the persons in the crowd at the bank were curious to know what he was looking at, and moved toward him. At first they went by twos and threes : soon they were followed by dozens, and in a short time the siege of the bank-door was raised, the crowd having dissolved and hurried to see what James was looking at. The woman drew her money just before the hour for closing the bank-doors for the day. They were never opened afterward.

In the evening I went over to Nathan’s to see Father Green. Nathans himself was quite knocked up with fatigue. He said he had worked his way into the crowd, and to the door or counter of every bank that had been run. Emily was sorry to see him so fatigued, and hoped he had no money in either of those banks. He thanked God, not a dollar ! not a dime ! not a red cent ! They had been doing business on false principles. They should handle none of his money. Emily suggested playfully that they were pretty well protected against losing *much* by deposits in any bank.

‘And now, huz,’ said she, ‘what *did* you worry yourself to death for, by getting into those crowds ?’

Nathans was slightly put upon his dignity by this question. He began to say something about its being impossible for women to understand business ; but reflecting for the first time that there had not been a shadow of motive beyond the contagion of a general panic, for him to mix up with a run upon the banks, he turned his answer into a joke, assuring her that he liked to see what was going on, and to study the business of a run ' psychologically.

The door was suddenly thrust open, without ceremony, and in stalked General Cleaver in a state of excitement. His first words were :

' It beats the devil ! '

' What beats the devil ? ' said I.

' It is like the case in Scripiter,' said he, perspiring freely, ' where Mary Magdalen turned seven devils out of a hog, then swept and garnished the animal, and when it was swept and garnished, it was tenfold more the child of sin than ever ! '

After delivering these sentiments, he wiped his face with a handkerchief, and addressed himself more especially to me :

' Been out of town ; come home, found the devil to pay and no pitch hot. Went to your office ; gone home ; went up the hill, panting like sixty, to your house ; not at home ; told to come over here. Here I am, soul and body ! A little the d—dest muss I was ever in. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars deposited with B. & B. for a big pork business. All gone to Tophet ! On Blodget's paper for fifty thousand ; Blodget gone to Tophet—also ! I was worth two hundred and fifty thousand, but at forced sale the margin will go to Tophet, just exactly nip and tuck—also ! I am cleaned out, done for, ruined ! Can't you put me into the United States Court, or into Chancery ? '

General Cleaver was a man, who, in seeking help, never cared to shut the door, or to know who was present. But the conversation was of a character so entirely personal to himself, that other persons soon left us to our consultations. Unfortunately, not much could be done for him. For all present purposes he was ruined ; but if he would hold on to his legal rights, and not part with them under influence of panic, he might regain a portion—how large, or how small, of course no one could tell. The question arose as to what course should be pursued concerning his indorsements : to let his property go at once to pay them, or to go through a protracted contest, hoping for some relief ? General Cleaver settled that question quite promptly. When he put his name on a piece of paper, it said Cleaver, and it meant Cleaver. He might be as poor as Job's turkey ; it would be nothing new ; he was used to it : but his name had always been Cleaver, and it always should be. When that name was called, he would stand up to it or die. He was the man it referred to. We agreed that the holders of his indorsement should have his property at once, at fair prices ; and since they could do no better than to take it, they must allow something near its value.

' Day after to-morrow,' says Cleaver, ' we move back into the little rooms we used to occupy, if we can rent them, or some others like them. We will go to rooms in the fourth story, if necessary ; but no creditor shall ever say I turned a corner to dodge him.'

It seemed to me that Cleaver never was so grand and rich before. I had known him when poor and hopeful, and when rich and conscious of power. There had always been something staunch and genial that I liked. But now he shone in my eyes with a kind of radiance; and I think he saw what was going on with me, for he seemed conscious of my regard. When ready to leave me, he pulled out his wallet, and proposed to pay a fee. I put it off, by saying it would do some other time.

'Are you willing to trust me?' said he.

I told him I would trust him now more cheerfully than before his loss: then I only believed him to be honest; now I knew him to be so. The course he was taking would buckle his friends to him with iron grapnels.

'But,' said he, 'an honest man may die; and then what becomes of those who trust him, if he leaves no property?'

'Fortunately,' said I, 'an honest man may die, and die poor; but what better investment can a living man have than in the affections of an honest man who has passed over Jordan? Now, General, I want nothing more said about fees. Perhaps I shall ask you for fees some day. It is the way legal doctors get their living. They are not consulted until the patient is sick, and then must be paid or starve. Therefore, I shall keep an account, and when I need it I will present my bill. But say no more about it. You did not use to ask me for my bill so promptly. You took it for granted I would present it when I wanted the money. With me your credit is as good as ever it was.'

We shook hands in parting very cordially. I watched his figure receding in the dim star-light, and among the deep shades, until it became, at no great distance, a shapeless spectre. In this condition it seemed to remain, and at length became more distinct. The General reappeared, and beckoned me toward him.

'They say,' said Cleaver, 'as how women always put all their meaning into a postscript. This new state of affairs makes me womanish. The thing most in my mind I did n't say at all. I wanted to, but it sort of choked me. How is this 'ere row to affect Adeline? Won't it take the shine off? Won't she have to come down a peg or two?'

'There it is again!' said I. 'Animal magnetism, spiritualism, I hardly know what; but I was thinking of the same subject.'

'One thing,' said Cleaver, 'I know. She shall not be the daughter of a sneak. I shall face the music.'

'It will be a trial to Adeline, no doubt,' said I. 'But I rather think it may do her good. She has good health and beauty, and she has acquired polished manners. With her wealth, manners, and beauty, there was danger of her being flattered and spoiled—a little spoiled. This will try her heart and her discretion. She will think and feel more, and be more of a woman. I give my legal opinion,' said I laughing, 'that Adeline will stand the test, and that she will carry herself through it triumphantly. You know, General, that there is such a thing as rising superior to circumstances. Other people are apt to judge us by our own standards. If we magnify our wealth and belittle ourselves, they do the same; on the other hand, if we respect

ourselves more than our money, other people respect us, without reference to our property.'

The General, after considerable conversation, said he thought he would have a good serious talk with Adeline, and tell her how she ought to meet her change of circumstances.

'Suppose, General,' said I, 'you defer your talk for a week or two. It may happen that Adeline will be equal to the situation; and if so, perhaps you ought not to deprive yourself of the happiness of giving her credit for it.'

'Good!' said the General. 'I'm up to that. I wonder I did n't think of it. Adeline has got a good deal of her mother in her. She is almost Maggie over again. I'll bet you a barrel of pork, if you dare, that she goes through it like a lark.'

The General went off, whistling a cheerful tune, and this time did not return.

All interruptions on account of business having ceased, we recurred to the condition of our sick friend, the Florentine. The doctor, who had often cautioned us against giving any cause for excitement on her part, had at last told us that she had remained so long in her present condition, that she had better be roused from it. No new or fatal symptom had intervened; but she could not much longer endure the slow exhaustion of disease. To continue in the same condition was to shut out all chance of recovery. She might now be removed to another room. New scenes might be presented to her; and if means could be found to rally all that remained of the forces of life to a final struggle, the time had come when this was less dangerous than her prolonged monotony of prostration. Sometimes since her sickness she had repeated: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' She had declared herself to be a believer, but that she had not been baptized. Sometimes when apparently sleeping she would whisper: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' Your mother and Emily had avoided the topic, and endeavored to lead her mind from it, as a topic of probable excitement. A scene of baptism might be more than her slender hold upon life could sustain. But she continued to repeat: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' Now that the doctor had given permission, it was determined no longer to postpone the desired rite. None of us at *Ellas-land* thought of any clergyman for that occasion but Father Green. The particular reasons known to him and me, why his presence should be felt in that sick-room, were not known to your mother or Emily; but they had been accustomed to his presence, and wished no other. When Father Green and Emily and I arrived, we found your mother had raised the sick woman upon bolsters almost to a sitting posture. She had put upon her a fresh white gown, and had placed a white flower in her hand. She explained to us, in another room, that the Florentine had seemed happy at the approaching solemnity, but her brain was perhaps a little wandering. She talked of her bird singing, and of the companion bird near her. No moon that night looked into the windows of the sick-room; but the curtains were drawn, and from the bed-side could be seen through a raised window dark outlines of foliage traced against a clear sky. The candles threw a dim

and flickering light. We felt, if we did not look, like spectres. The sick woman alone seemed to breathe the life of a new and profound emotion ; but it seemed to me like the sorrowful joy of flowers blooming upon a grave. For a moment Father Green was pale as if he too were about to enter the gates of death. Something like a tremor passed through his large frame, but he mastered it. He repeated the passage so often repeated by the sick woman : ' He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' He then explained in a few quiet and solemn words the privileges of the baptismal rite, and, in doing so, likened it to a wedding with Christ. It was a union of true love, without reserve ; and if entered upon with a trusting, meek, and faithful spirit, unsealed for us exhaustless fountains of rest and peace. He then repeated a hymn, which we four endeavored to sing :

' WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all resigned beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

' Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For He will hear my prayer :
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is near to answer me.'

The singing was surely not good. It had a dim, funereal sound, which we could not overcome. Father Green was obviously not quite satisfied. It was for him, more than any of us, to take care that the effects should not be depressing. I fancied that he never exhibited more wholeness and self-command than now. He immediately pronounced a single stanza of another hymn, in a strain so different, that we sung it cheerfully. His faith seemed already to be crowned with assurance of fulfillment :

' FATHER of mercies, God of love !
Then hear THINE humble suppliant's cry ;
Bend from THY lofty seat above,
THY throne of glorious majesty :
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.'

With tenderness he laid his moistened fingers upon her forehead :
' And now, HARRIET, I baptize thee in the name of the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !'

He knelt by the bed-side, with one hand delicately soothing the forehead of the sick woman, and prayed. Her eyes became riveted upon his upturned face. A faint auroral light alternately beamed and faded upon her features : it settled into a gleam of fixed intelligence : her wan, emaciated arms were with difficulty and much trembling lifted : they fell upon his broad shoulders, as with a low, moaning sound of recognition, she fell upon his neck, and rested there.

A U T U M N .

I.

Down by the brook the maples stand
With the sycamores hoary,
Their heads have been covered by Autumn's hand
With radiant glory.

II.

The rushes that grow by the river's brink
Are bending lower,
The meadows are brown and bare as when
Left by the mower,
The ploughed fields by their side await
The busy sower.

III.

The searing woods are silvered o'er
With a dull white haze;
The morning mist can scarce be pierced
By the bright sun's rays —
The sun that sinks to rest too soon
These glorious days.

IV.

Where the gray rocks shut the river in,
The tall pines stand,
Looking, in their robes of green,
So calmly grand:
They care not if by tempests tossed,
Or breezes fanned.

V.

The flowers have hid their tender heads
From the wind's rude blast,
The dahlia alone, in her velvet robe
Blooms to the last;
But the biting frost warns that her reign
Is nearly past.

VI.

The sun sinks down between the hills
And dyes the river,
The cold moon-beams through the murky blue
Like diamonds quiver,
And the stars gleam out on the brow of night,
More bright than ever.

VII.

But the mournful wind among the trees
Is sadly sighing:
'Though Earth at rest in her gorgeous robes
Seems calmly lying;
The glory fades, it only tells
The year is dying.'

HELEN EARLE.

Alleghany City, Oct. 13, 1857.

M Y C O U S I N D E B O R A H .

IN FOUR PARTS : BY R. A. OAKES.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.' — ALFRED TENNYSON.

I. A RETROSPECT.

I HAD graduated with distinguished honor.

So said the *Mapletown Gazette*, and sitting in the dingy old room, which for the last four years, with the exception of an occasional and sometimes most weary absence, had been my abiding place, with my feet complacently crossed upon the window-sill, while I inhaled alike the warm, sun-shiny air and the fragrance of a rich Havana, I read the somewhat eulogistic notice which the editor of that paper had seen fit to give the closing exercises of the graduating class of which I was a member.

Yes, I, Philip Massingale, had graduated with distinguished honor. My wardrobe, (it was but a scanty one,) worn and thread-bare, was securely packed in a hair-trunk that much resembled one belonging to Willis's quondam friend, Mr. Forbearance Smith, and I was ready to leave forever the walls which had so long sheltered me.

Yet, despite the fragrant odors of my Havana, a parting 'treat' from a class-mate, and despite the eulogistic notice in the columns of the *Mapletown Gazette*, I was indulging in bitter thoughts. My college life had been a most weary one, one of trial and bitter privation, endured without a murmur, and now, thank God, so honorably terminated. In the winter season I had been compelled to go out into the wilderness — to me a most drear wilderness — among rude, uncultivated, yet oftentimes warm-hearted people, whose ideas of book-learning never went beyond the three Rs, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic; and there, day after day, in the bitterness of a proud spirit doing brute service, had I trudged through snows waist-deep to teach a few uncouth, unkempt urchins — not ideas, God never blessed or cursed them with such — how to shoot. It was a miserable pittance to be sure, that I gained from such labor, but, with the most rigid economy, it kept my body and soul together a part of the year which followed.

I 'boarded round' — a significant phrase, whose meaning every poor country school-master learns with all its variations; sometimes going miles through mournful yet ever verdant pine forests, over roads travelled only by lumber-men, to get my rude fare and still ruder lodgings; and at night, when all the family had retired — they were primeval people, accustomed to unremitting toil and early hours, alike at night and morning — I used to rake forward the coals, and throwing a few fagots upon them, lie down, like Ben Franklin, upon my breast, to learn, in such a manner and by such scanty light, the lessons which my class-mates at college were going over in comparative ease.

In haying and harvesting, which usually occurred during the summer vacations, I used to go out among the farmers, taking my chance with men accustomed to severe labor from childhood, turning my swath with them, pitching my windrow with them, and with them receiving the same wages. Sometimes I went down to my uncle John Massingale's, a hard man, but an honest, as the world termed him; one who asked God's blessing on his meat, and thanked Him night and morning. From him I received no more favors than his other help. With them, 'ere the high lawns appeared under the opening eyelids of the morn,' I took my place in the field, and through the long, weary day, under the burning sun, I bore my part. Most truly did I then and there fulfil the injunction of the Scriptures, for by the sweat of the brow did I earn my bread! At noon, when the conch-shell sent its mournful echoes swelling over the hills, like the wail of wintry winds, calling us to dinner, I washed at the same water-spout with the blackened workmen, wiped on the same towel, and eat at the same board. I do not speak of this because I think myself better than they, or worthy of daintier fare, but because my uncle John Massingale, my own father's brother, whose helping hand he had known so often in his hour of need, sat in the room above, and from silver service partook his meat, nor deigned to think of his poor kinsman below; nor I do not recount to you my hardships for your sympathy. Once, nay twice, I had a sympathy broader than all the oceans of the mighty earth, and far more precious, though they enshrine within their bosoms armament and merchant-man and spice-ship laden with amethyst and red gold.

My first recollections are of the great metropolis of wealth and affluence, and most of all and dearest, my mother's love! O minds of richest, rarest imagery, Tennyson or Shelley, or sweetest of them all, and next to Shakespeare, sweetest of all the earth, 'poor John Keats!' you have no words to paint it, though your pens be steeped in heaven's beauties, and wielded with all Job's tender pathos. Oh! well has the poet said:

'HAPPY he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

My father was a merchant, fair to do with all the world, but unsuccessful speculation ruined him, and he died broken-hearted, close followed by my mother. Then was I left alone in all the world, penniless, homeless, fatherless, and worst of all and hardest to bear, motherless! God indeed have pity on him whose bursting manhood-leaves know not a mother's prayers!

With heart so bruised and broken, what could I do? I reached out blindly through my fast-falling tears, and as though it were the only harbor for my poor life-hulk, so early wrecked, in all God's world, I turned my poor face beseechingly to my uncle John Massingale. With a cold smile lighting up his features, like the great sun on a weary wintry waste, he said his house was mine, and that his roof should always shelter me; but his lip said it only, not his heart, so hollow and

meaningless broke it upon my ear, like some old Grecian oracle; and rather from unwilling hands take the bread of dependence, I would have placed my lips in the dust of God's highway, and died like any beggar!

But Cousin Deborah, O sweet Deborah! with her dark eyes all a-glow with tenderest sympathy, and her white bosom swelling up with tears that would gush out, placed her hand lovingly in mine, and in her sweet, winning, gentle way, won me from my grief's first bitterness, and so my heart 'leapt captive to her feet,' and now lies buried with her! I cannot paint to you my Cousin Deborah; I doubt me much if Raphael himself could do it. She was indeed

'ONE
Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise;
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread; and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music.'

I. MY COUSIN DEBORAH.

Ah! truly my Uncle John Massingale was a hard man, but an honest, walking upright before the world, and dealing out his niggard charities where the breath of fame could do their heralding; and it behooved him now to notice his poor kinsman in some small respect, who might say with Cæsar, looking over the weary battle-field of his college life, *Veni, vidi, vici*: so came the offer, cold and courteous, and winding up with written words of affection, of a situation as Principal in Linklaen Academy, of which he was trustee.

What motive had I for accepting it — I, Philip Massingale, who had struggled up and conquered without his aid when most needed — what cared I now for the situations he might obtain for me? The world was a broad world, a most broad world, and manly independence and force and vigor might hew out for itself a road through the flintiest rock, and make the desert path breathe all the odors of Araby. Why did I accept his offer then, and find myself seated at his table again, not with his common help, to be sure, but still at his table? It was the sweet face of my Cousin Deborah; the one great lodestone where every hope of life and death lay centred. And now I fold my hands in calm and patient waiting, while the mournful melody of these two lines from Coleridge's 'Wallenstein' rings in my ears and thrills my heart like music:

'THITHER where she lies buried!
That single spot is the whole world to me.'

But I pass to brighter scenes in my history, not forgetting that my life-beaker, if it has had its dregs of bitterest sorrow, has had also its foam-bead of joy.

If the welcome I received from my uncle John Massingale was cold and courteous, that from my Cousin Deborah was as warm and tender as my heart could wish. I have neglected to mention that my aunt

was dead, and that Deborah presided over the household. After the tumult of greeting was over, she showed me to my room, and once away from beneath her father's eye, she grasped my hands in hers, and whispered she was so glad that I had come. Oh! how the warm blood gushed to my heart; and as she turned and left me, it seemed as though I could have fallen down and kissed the hem of her garment, and risen up a better man for that single act of earthly devotion.

I was sitting one Saturday morning, in the sweet month of June, within the low piazza that overlooked my uncle's garden, watching the ever-changing evolutions of a beautiful humming-bird, whose golden crest varied in color as often as he changed his position, when my Cousin Deborah startled me from my intent observation, by asking me if I did not wish to go to the Rowans, a particular field upon my uncle's farm, to pick strawberries with her. Starting up gladly, I seized the basket which she held in her small hands, and through the lush June grass, trampling down butter-cup and daisy and the golden dandelion, went we to the Rowans.

Oh! the sweetness of that June-morning walk! how the memory of it comes back to me through the long lapse of weary years, as fresh and vividly as though it were but yesterday, filling my soul with such a tenderness, that tears will gush up to water anew the dead and withered hopes of my heart!

The hedges were all athrill with liquid melody, from the thrilling spink-spank-spink of the bobolink, who lifted his white crown from the tender green of the grass, to the carolling welcome of the robin, with his red vest, and the sweet song of the pewit. Away over the broad wavy meadows a thousand blossoms, gold and white and crimson, looked up into the sun-shine, while the long, narrow, sword-like blades of grass, still dabbled with the morning's dew, reached their heads up lovingly to snuff their fragrant odors.

Adown the middle of the Rowans ran a gurgling stream, winding its silver eddies, radiant with the sun-shine, through all the luxurious garniture of the pleasant June. Thick set were its banks with purple violets and gold-eyed cowslips, while the spotted lily, from the graceful curve of its slender neck, dispensed its nods and becks most loyally. Further back, nestling in loving clusters, were the crimson tufts of the balm-flower, contrasting their beauty with budded lupines and sweet-swelling anemones. Down toward the lower end of the meadow where the little stream wound itself into the woodland shadows, the narrow leaves of the willow turned up their silver lining, as though to put to shame the sun-shine, and then laughed and quivered all over at such a fine conceit. The queen of the meadows stood up in all her regal loveliness, and, nodding their yellow turbans, like Arabs doing homage, a thousand graceful adders' tongues received the languid favors of the passing breeze. Oh! how glorious and grand and full of loveliness was that June morning, and queenliest of all those meadow-beauties was my sweet Cousin Deborah, whose

‘—————feet
Seemed far sweeter than the sweet
Wild-flowers that would follow her
With iridescent eyes.’

I cannot tell you all that passed between my Cousin Deborah and myself on that beautiful June morning. Locked up within my inmost heart are her sweet words of tender cheer, like the pulsing melody of sweetest music. On a rock where the moss had woven its brown and green and gold, where a thousand scarlet columbines hung down their jewelled heads, we seated ourselves, unmindful of the golden dimples that made so tempting the crimson berries at our feet, and ere our loitering foot-steps left the Rowans, my sweet Cousin Deborah was promised me forever! In patience waiting for that good time coming, far off, and through long weary years it might be, when I might ask her of my uncle John Massingale, and not fear his cold refusal.

III. IN THE INDIES.

YES, to wait patiently and hopefully until I might hope to gain my uncle John Massingale's consent. Alas! poor Philip! what a hopeless task is yours!

Thereupon, much to the surprise of my uncle, my resignation was sent in to the trustees of the Linklaen Academy. What could their poor five hundred dollars a year do toward making acceptable to my uncle John the suitor for his daughter Deborah? After much and grave debate, and some remonstrance, my resignation was accepted, and my connection with the Linklaen Academy then and there terminated. Not with much regret upon my part, I grant. It had been a weary toil to me, attended with much tribulation of spirit, and sanctioned only and made sweet by the presence of my Cousin Deborah. But now it was terminated, honorably and forever; my poor name on the faculty-page, with the college-appendix, appearing for the last time, and I no more troubled with the requests and desires of tender parents and watchful guardians.

Then came the bitterest scene of all, whose every act is burned into my heart and brain as though with a red-hot iron. The parting with my Cousin Deborah! It is needless to tell you that it was true and tender, broken with sobs, and filled with fervent vows. All the hopes and prospects of the future were discussed freely and fully. There was no restraint between us. She was content to wait hopefully and trustingly, she said; her heart was mine wholly and forever: but she wished to have her father's consent gained, and then she would surrender her destiny to my hands, and take no thought of the future. Oh! blissful words were those, dropping like balm upon my aching heart. Wherever I might be, this sweet assurance should be mine: that one heart, if no other, in all God's world of beating hearts, should beat warm and true for me forever. That no shadow of doubt should come between, but ever hoping, ever trusting, wait patiently until that sweet time should come, when with God's sanction binding us together, we might go hand-in-hand smoothing each other's pathway down to the green grass of the tomb! Alas! dear Deborah! as your soft cheek rested over that heart whose inmost thought and every throb was yours, and yours only; while you breathed those sweet words of trust and everlasting love, you little thought that you would never find resting-place there again; that the cold, unloving arms of Death would take the

place of those that were twined so lovingly and so tenderly around you, and that he by whose side you hoped to tread out the rosy hours of life, should go groping on alone, the world grown dark from thick-falling tears; whose hands just grasped the fruit Hesperian to find them only Dead-Sea fruit. O Deborah! my sweet Deborah! I watch above your grave, and wait the coming hours which in the end shall see us finally united!

So I went back to the great metropolis, among my dead father's former friends. At first I did experience some difficulty in obtaining a situation, I grant; but perseverance accomplished her end finally, as she always will, and sending back a word of cheer to my sweet cousin, I embarked for the Indies.

To me, those were five long, weary years I spent away from Deborah, unblessed by a single word of communication to let me know that she was well, and still hopefully trusting. For the latter I had no doubts; but how doubly sweet it would have been to hear even from the cold lips of a stranger, that my Deborah was living, and if living, waiting. So the time crept slowly onward. Toil was mine, encountered willingly, borne up under manfully, and in the end crowned with success. Fortune smiled upon me with no niggard smile; and like the genii of the fairy tale, every thing I touched turned into gold; at least, so it seemed to me: and as the long five years drew slowly to a close, I felt as though I possessed wealth enough to win the favor of my uncle John.

I cannot paint to you the tremulous anxiety of that homeward voyage. How the great waves took up our giant ship as though it were a cradle, and rocked its inmates into peaceful slumber — into the safe embrace of dear old Mother Earth. All sweet imaginings took possession of my soul, as I walked the deck and thought of Deborah: pictured to myself our meeting, which should last until the SEPARATOR of all delights, as the Arabs say, should part us. And so I went on dreaming golden dreams, not knowing that God's hand was upon me.

IV. IN PEACE.

I DID not remain long in the city, as you may well suppose. Whatever business I had there to do was done quickly, and my glad feet turned toward my sweet cousin's home. It was a bright June morning, as beautiful as that on which my Deborah had promised to be mine in the old meadow called the Rowans.

The sun was shining beautifully, and the air was all perfume as I drove up the avenue that led to my uncle John's stately farm-house. There was an air of sad neglect about it, in the closed blinds and the untrimmed lawn, that struck a cold chill to my heart, and with a trembling hand I raised the knocker for admittance. After long waiting and repeated application of the iron knob, the door was opened, and a woman whom I remembered as kitchen-maid stood before me.

Inquiring for my uncle John, she told me he was not at home; and in the next breath asking for Miss Deborah, she shook her head and smiled sadly; then brightening suddenly, she asked if I was Mr. Philip Massingale, and on my affirmative, she bade me wait a moment, disappeared to return with a package addressed to 'Philip' simply, in my dear cousin's well-remembered writing.

That letter lies open on the desk beside me, blotted with many tears — her tears and mine — and full of holy hopes and prayers for me. I cannot transcribe that letter to these pages. No mortal eye has ever seen it but hers and mine. And sitting here in my quiet library, I look out and see the white stone that marks her resting-place looming up through the fast-falling snow.

My uncle John is dead. Before she died, sweet Deborah told him of our hopes, our love ; and standing by her grave, he grasped my hands, and with great tears rolling down his cheeks, implored my forgiveness, and called me his dear son. Of wealth I have enough and to spare ; nor am I morose and always sad. God, in His manifold mercies, saw fit to chasten me, and bowing my head humbly, I watch and pray. In literary ease my life flows sweetly onward : genial and pleasant, sanctioned with sorrow and not unblest.

The pathway to that white stone which glimmers through the fast-falling snow, is often trod, and no matter how wild the storm, is ever open. In the summer-time, oft-going and returning feet wear away the tender grass ; and in mournful, patient, waiting trust, I stand, with head uncovered, and read these marble letters :

‘ Deborah Sleeps in Jesus and in Peace.’

WINE-SONG: FROM LANJOU.

Now, while the wine in the gleaming glass glances,
See through its mimic waves floating fine fancies:

Down in the seething flood
Of the grape's purple blood
Is the Mirth-god's abode :
Deep in the chalice
Joy has his palace.

Now moving fitfully, whirling in dances,
Oh! how my senses the sweet sight entrances!

See, glides a merry band,
Strays from a fairy land ;
Love, with a ray-like wand,
Leading the chorus,
Flitting before us.

Ripples, like drapery, now seem concealing
Shapes traitorous bubbles would fain be revealing :

Spirits most delicate,
Keeping their tiny state,
Wavering, seem to wait ;
Tremulous groups,
Like uncertain hopes.

Here is a Lethe for cares that oppress us ;
Here is a gladness waiting to bless us :

E'er any envious sip,
Lift to the ready lip :
Let Jove his nectar sip,
Red wine be ours,
Cups crowned with flowers.

HASLER VADENROPT.

A S T R A N G E S T O R Y .

BY 'CASTLEMAINE.'

In the year 1854, while residing in Boston, I became acquainted with George Braybœuf, a young English gentleman, then travelling in this country. He was of an eminently insular nature, and possessed all the reserve and stiffness so characteristic of our cousin, John Bull; and our first intercourse seemed unlikely to result in any thing like intimacy. His bluff, phlegmatic ways were little assimilated to the mercurial temperament of a young American, nor did we have many things in common. In his veins ran some of the best blood of England. He was rich, and, as I said before, had all the hauteur of his race; while I was a student in the office of the eminent jurist, the late Judge Gray, with little else to depend upon for a livelihood than the labor of my brains in articles for the weekly newspapers. Braybœuf had brought letters of introduction to Judge Gray, who had shown him the usual minor attentions of dinner-invitations, and the like; and had introduced him to me, with the request that I would show him the lions of the town and its environs; which attention I performed rather as a task than otherwise, for I did not then possess a very warm regard for our transatlantic relatives. I had shown him all the objects of historical interest about Boston with a malicious pleasure, however, as there is nothing about them very flattering to British pride. He viewed every thing after the manner of the race, with a calm stolidity: I taking care to enlarge upon the victories of American, and the reverses of British arms, endeavoring to provoke him out of his national reserve; but to no purpose: I could not vex him into any warmth of expression, and I was fairly disgusted with him. One afternoon, having exhausted most of the objects of interest about Boston, I proposed a sail down the harbor. He readily assented, and we drove down to Long Wharf, and engaged one of Mahan's boats. Hoisting the sail, we stood down the bay as far as Fort Independence; I, of course, descanting upon the wonderful strength of the structure, for the benefit of my companion, and pronouncing it impregnable, at the same time inquiring if the English had any such fortresses: to which he replied that he thought not; the one at Gibraltar perhaps approached it as nearly as any in strength. I winced a little at this home-thrust; but rallied enough to say that I believed Gibraltar was designed by an American engineer; to which veritable remark he deigned no reply, but proposed we should land and examine the post more closely. This we did, spending perhaps an half-hour; when, as we were returning on board, Braybœuf's foot slipped, and he fell into the water; the tide was running rapidly, and I knew he could not swim; but being tolerably expert in the art myself, I plunged in, and after some little trouble succeeded in saving him. On being brought to the shore, he simply said, 'Thank you, Castlemaine,' in so indifferent a tone, (as if I had just passed him the salt,) that I

felt half a mind to throw him in again. But from that time his manner toward me changed, and I could see pulsating beneath his English surface a warm heart; and as I knew him better, I became much attached to him.

Shortly after this, as we were sitting in his room at the 'Albion,' looking out upon the Bay—one of the Cunard steamers coming in, a train just going, shrieking and puffing, out, over the Eastern Rail-road, its long streamer of smoke trailing behind it, and curling gracefully up over the Maverick hills; the whole city instinct with life and motion—I said: 'George! suppose old Dr. Franklin could have had the wish gratified that he expressed upon seeing a fly taken from a bottle of old wine become revived, and crawl about the table; and, as he desired, when he had seen the end of the Revolution, and the firm establishment of our government, had been placed in a puncheon of New-England rum, and could come to life again, and look upon this, his native village, this afternoon, would n't he stare?'

Suddenly the whole manner of Braybœuf changed. He seemed to fairly emerge from his English shell into a different being. So complete was his transformation, that I said: 'Why, my boy, what is the matter? You seem so much interested in my very original remark, that one would think you were the lightning-catching philosopher, himself.'

Said he: Castlemaine! I am going to tell you a story, so strange that it passes belief; one which I have never breathed since its events transpired: I can hardly expect you to give it credence, I can only tell it to you.'

'You know I am an officer in Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards: we are quartered, when in London, in the Tower; that is, our mess-room is there, and the officers of the day remain there during the night. On the twenty-second of May, 1851, Harry Lacy and I were doing 'guard duty.' Dinner was over, the other officers had gone, and left Harry and me to solitude, alone in the Tower. We lit our segars, and began conversation, which turned, naturally enough, upon the building in which we were: its wonderful history, the deeds of blood its grim walls had witnessed. We got so engaged in the conversation, and the oaken walls were lit up by the coal-fire burning in the grate (we had not lighted candles) with such weird and fanciful shapes, that, I vow, it seemed as if I could trace upon the ceiling, among its carvings, childish shapes which grim shadows were smothering, and murdered kings struggling with mail-clad assassins. Out of the gloom seemed to stalk in majesty the dignified and grave figure of the Sixth Henry; while behind him crouched, with sinister face, and drawn dagger, the Third Richard. From before the pointed oriel windows seemed to stretch a black-draped scaffold, and upon it a line of weeping queens bowed their heads to the block. Distinct among them was the sad face of 'the mournful Anne Boleyn,' measuring with white and jewelled fingers her slender neck, and smiling upon her masked executioner. All these I thought of, and many more things, while Lacy was rattling away, till he suddenly asked: 'George! did you ever see the place where the young princes were buried under the Tower stairs?' I said: 'No!' Said he: 'It is just the dismal place you would imagine: let's go and see it!' Being in the humor to 'sup full of horrors,' I

acceded to his proposal, and, lighting our guard-lantern, we left the apartment. The glimmering light fell strangely upon the low and narrow passage by which we proceeded, and our shadows upon the wall seemed to take the shapes of men in armor, while every puff of wind wailing through the crannies and loop-holes of the massive walls, seemed to rise into a sigh or a groan. We descended the great stone staircase, and under its huge arches of solid masonry, looked upon the spot where were laid 'those twin roses on a single stalk,' as Shakespeare calls them — the infant Princes of England, smothered by command of Richard the Third. We viewed the place mournfully for a moment, and turned to retrace our steps, when a fancy seized us to extend our explorations, and beneath an arch, and through an oaken door, studded thick with massive nails, we passed on into the Tower vaults. Through apartment after apartment we groped along, now stumbling against a fragment of rusty chain which, fastened to a ring-bolt, had confined some poor wretch, who had dragged out a life worse than death, deprived of air and sun-light, in these living tombs, until our way ended in what seemed a sort of lumber-room; in it were stored pieces of rusty and broken armor, shattered spears, huge battle-axes, broad-swords, and maces, that, in their strange and terrible shapes, seemed to bring back the days of the Crusades, and the strong arms that had wielded, and the strong hearts that had prompted, the blows of these weapons of another age. At the extremity of the apartment lay upon its side a huge cask or butt of an antique and singular shape, something like the casks in which Bordeaux brandy is imported, but longer, and with more swell to the bilge, or middle of the cask. It had strange old-fashioned fastenings to its hoops, which were of the willow of the South of France. Approaching it, and striking upon it lightly with our fingers, we discovered that it was filled with some sort of liquid. Harry shouted, making the damp walls resound strangely with the echoes of his merry voice: 'Huzzah! a prize! who knows but it is wine, rare old Burgundy, and may serve yet to enliven many a dinuer for the Coldstreams? This is a good night's work for the mess, if we can only manage to have it quietly bottled off down here, and taken to the wine-cellar: we'll taste it, at all events!'

'By the light of our lantern, scraping away the gathered mould of years, we discovered the bung of the cask, covered with sheet-lead, and sealed in yellow wax, as nearly as we could make out by the dim light, with the broad seal of England: we scraped it away, crumbling beneath our fingers.

'And now,' said Harry, 'how to start the bung? Oh! I have it! I've seen the coopers do it in the docks;' and drawing his sword, for we had not removed our side-arms at dinner, he said: 'God grant it may never shed more generous blood than that of the grape!' and struck violently upon the staves. At the second or third blow, the willow-hoops, weakened with age, gave way, and the oaken staves fell in, while the blood-red wine, gushing out in torrents, deluged us completely. As soon as I could recover my breath, for surprise and laughter, I said, 'Well, Harry! a pretty mess we are in, and all our clothes at our lodgings;' when on looking at the *debris* of the cask, we saw lying the body of

a man, dressed in the costume of the fifteenth century, and with features as placid and fresh as if in a quiet sleep. We both started back in surprise and terror, and it was some moments before we recovered ourselves sufficiently to examine still farther the body. The garments, though now soaked and stained to a deep crimson hue, seemed of rich fabric, and were adorned with gold lace and jewels, which, untarnished by the wine, shone in strange contrast to the sanguine tint of the cloth upon which they were embroidered; by his side was a diamond-hilted sword, and upon his finger a massive ruby ring, upon which, as I looked, I made out the well-known crest of the Dukes of Clarence. By George! Castlemaine, the whole thing flashed upon me in an instant. Who else could it be but George Duke of Clarence, drowned in a butt of Malmsey, in 1483, by his brother, Richard the Third! I said as much to Harry, and for a few minutes we cogitated upon our best course to pursue. Leaving the body there was out of the question, and roaming about the vaults and crypts of the Tower might be thought a rather serious matter by the Colonel of our regiment; so finally we concluded all we could do, would be to remove the body to the mess-room, dispose it quietly and decently, and in the morning take Colonel Harcourt's advice in the matter. Accordingly I supported the head and shoulders, while Lacy preceded me, carrying the lantern and bearing the feet, and we crept along toward the mess-room; arriving there, not without difficulty, for the body was that of a stalwart man, we laid it upon the rug before the grate, while we spread a cloak upon a couch, which we prepared for its reception: these preparations occupied some moments, and while about them, I fancied I heard a gasp, but supposed it was only fancy, until on returning to remove the body, and stooping to lift the shoulders, I felt upon my hand the faintest possible breath. I looked again, and the chest heaved with the faint and struggling motion of a dying child. I rushed to the side-board, and pouring out a glass of brandy, while I raised the head, held it to the lips, to which color had come; and as I turned the glass, with a gasp, a portion of its contents was swallowed. Lacy and I immediately set at work, rubbing the hands and chafing the temples: respiration grew more regular, color came to the face, and as I felt anxiously the artery of the wrist, I felt the pulse coming with a thread-like beat. We continued our exertions with increasing success; finally the eyes unclosed, and looked wildly around: I held the brandy again to the lips, and he spoke, gasping out: 'Richard! Richard! I am thy brother, and by thee I die!'

'He gazed anxiously around the room, seeming to take in with the eyes you would imagine a man would look upon another world, its contents. Around, hung pictures of British victories: Waterloo, Gibraltar, the Nile, Trafalgar, all won during his long sleep. Just over his head, in companion niches, stood busts of Nelson and Wellington; at the end of the room was a portrait of Her Majesty in her coronation-robcs: upon all these he looked with wondering eyes, till, endeavoring to speak, he fell back in my arms, with a rattle in his throat, and all efforts to rouse him proved unavailing. He was dead! O Castlemaine! if he could have lived! Lacy and I laid him mournfully upon the couch,

and I passed to the window. Over the masses of rolling cloud was coming the pomp of May-day dawn, spires of gorgeous red shooting athwart the murky gloom of the flying night like the banners of an advancing army; and as I looked, the sun rose in full beauty, and his beams fell upon the roof of the Crystal Palace, illuming its pinnacles and turrets with unearthly beauty, as it stood, the glorious monument of the progress of the ages, glittering like a vast diamond in the sunlight, within Hyde-Park. Upon my ear fell the sound of the morning gun, and from the peak of your ship 'Nightingale,' lying in the Thames, ran up the Stars and Stripes: the gun was echoed by one from your frigate, the 'St. Lawrence,' as her ensign floated on the morning breeze. All the panorama told of the present; and as I turned to the silent, clay-cold figure of a past age, that had tottered so strangely for an instant at the open door of the present, before falling back again into its long sleep, I felt that I would have willingly have laid down my own life, could George Duke of Clarence have looked for one hour with me upon the prospect from that Tower-window. As I turned and spoke to Harry, there were tears in his eyes; and as we looked upon the body, as it lay there in quiet dignity, we felt an awe for the remains of such august mortality that revolted at the impertinent curiosity its strange discovery must excite; and so mournfully and heavily bearing it away, we deposited it beneath the flag-stones of the vault from which it had been taken: and have since, until to-day, never spoken of this strange episode in our idle lives, save to one another.'

L I L L I A N .

SHE is resting, calmly resting,
On her little snowy bed,
And there's a hushed and quiet stillness,
For LILLIAN is dead.

With hands close-folded o'er her breast,
And snow-drops here and there,
And roses white, and violets,
Wreathed in her golden hair:

She slumbers; but it is the sleep
From which she'll waken ne'er again:
Heart-stricken ones kneel there and weep,
And tears fall like the rain.

Round her meek mouth there hovers still
An holy, solemn look,
As if her childhood-spirit, freed,
Had looked in 'Life's own book.'

Kiss her pale lips and snowy brow,
Smooth back her silken hair;
It is not long she has to stay —
Guard her with loving care.

M. N.

Murphysboro, (Illinois.)

MY ADVENTURES IN SMITHBURGH.

BY JOHN BRADSHAW.

'MAKE you a pair before Saturday night, Sir,' said the shoemaker.

'Can't wait,' said I: 'going out of town by the next train.'

'Oh! well, now I think,' replied he, 'here is an uncommon nice pair that may be'll fit. They was made for a gentleman that did n't take 'em: too small across here, you see. Try 'em on, Sir? Ah! yes, so, so, exactly. Why, they fit like — like they'd been made for you!'

They did fit tolerably well, so I bought them. In five minutes more I was seated aboard the cars in Chatham-street, and in half-an-hour more, was steaming and rattling away out of the city, toward my destination. I was going on a collecting expedition to that secluded 'little rural paradise,' Smithburgh, which, as you are aware, is situated about a hundred miles back of the City Hall, and is about the same number of years behind the metropolis in the 'modern improvements.' One of the Smithburghers was in debt to my employers, (the great house of Naryred and Company, of whom you have doubtless heard, Pearl-street, just below Fulton.) The aforesaid Smithburgher was rumored to be on the eve of 'suspension,' hence my hurried journey. Be it remembered that these events occurred two years ago, at which era debts were still collectable.

'The shades of night were falling fast' when the train deposited my carpet-bag and myself at the Smithburgh station. I was soon ensconced in the tavern; an ambitious wooden structure, very garishly white, and very lavish of piazza without, which qualities were counterbalanced by its being very dirty and very cramped for room within.

When I went over, in the evening, to the store of my delinquent debtor, I did not find him; and a very brief conversation with the people whom I did find, served to inform me that I had come on a fruitless errand. He had not only suspended, but had decamped out of Smithburgh into parts unknown. He was a dead loss, so far as Naryred and Company were concerned. All that could be done with him, was to put him down on the debit side of the profit and loss account. There was nothing for it but to go back.

'And when does the next train go down?' inquired I of mine host at the 'Hotel.'

'No train down till 11.55 A.M.,' was the curt response.

Just my luck. No money, no assets, no collection, and now no train. I should have to stay fourteen hours longer in this dismal country tavern. Tired and very ill-humored, after nodding an hour over the same paper I had read the day before in town, I took my candle, and took myself off to bed.

It must have been near mid-night, when I was suddenly roused up by a thundering explosion:

'BANG!'

Bewildered and sleepy, I sat up in bed, trying to make out whether Naryred and Company had 'burst,' and were unable to pay ten cents on the dollar; or whether I was aboard a Mississippi steamer which had 'collapsed a flue,' and was about to be scalded with hot steam; or whether —

'BANG!' suddenly went a second explosion, and I made out to comprehend that something was being fired off under my window.

Jumping up, I rushed to the sash, and peered out. Sure enough, there was a crowd of men and boys, gathered round what looked like a dilapidated anvil, ramming it down for a third discharge.

It must be election day in Smithburgh, thought I, and they are rejoicing over the result. Confound the successful candidate, whoever he is, making such an infernal racket!

Just then, one of the youngsters, looking up, caught sight of me, standing in my shirt at the window. He hurriedly spoke to the others, and then one shouted:

'Boys: let's give him three cheers!'

And they did.

'Hoo-oo-raw!'

'Hoo-oo-oo-raw!'

'Hoo-oo-oo-ra-a-a-aw!'

I shrank back, and crept shivering into bed just as gun number four went off, amid another set of cheers. One-and-thirty times did that infernal piece go off; I devoutly praying each time that it might burst, and so stop. Then there were more cheers. Then there was a bon-fire, blazing up so suddenly into the window that I thought the house had caught fire. Then there was 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle,' on a cracked fiddle and a wheezy clarionet. At last, the Babel quieted down, and I, wondering considerably what it was all about, fell asleep.

But if I was mystified about the doings of the night, I was considerably more puzzled by the goings on of the morning. My host met me with a most profound bow, and was deferentially solicitous about my health. The bar-keeper bowed reverentially when I passed him. The bar-room idlers all respectfully rose to their feet, (staring hard meanwhile,) as I walked through. The chamber-maid dropped as many as fifty courtesies, one after another, when I happened to meet her in the hall, and so overwhelmingly civil was every body, that I half-imagined I had stepped out of free-and-easy America into courteous France.

On looking round, I perceived the house itself was marvellously changed, over-night. The scrubbing-brush must have been busy since day-light, for the floors were freshly scoured, and the windows glistened with polish, while the furniture was 'set round' in the primmest kind of order. The landlady, although it was the slatternly hour of eight o'clock in the morning, was arrayed in majestic black silk, and her cap, with its multitudinous cherry-colored ribbons, was miraculous to behold. Mine host evidently had on his Sunday black suit, and had thrust himself into a clean shirt, starched to an extent that kept him perpendicular as a grenadier.

It must be, thought I, that this is county fair day ; or perhaps they are going to have a wedding in the house.

‘By the way, what was the firing for, last night ?’ I inquired.

‘Oh ! a mere six-pounder, Sir ! but the best we have in Smithburgh. The boys thought they must have it out in honor of your arrival.’

‘In honor of *my* arrival !’ ejaculated I, taken all aback.

‘Yes, your Excellency. But breakfast is ready. Will your Excellency walk in ?’

My arrival ! my Excellency ! I was so astounded at the sudden distinction with which I found myself invested, that I could only mechanically walk in, and seat myself at the breakfast-table.

Certainly the ‘hotel’ had put forth its most strenuous efforts to get up that breakfast. There were broiled chickens and chickens fricasseed ; there was a huge turkey ; there was a roast sirloin of beef ; there was a cold leg of mutton, and a hot leg of veal ; there were ham and eggs, and ham without the eggs, and eggs without the ham ; pork and beans ; beef-steak ; cutlets and chops ; cabbages, beets, cauliflowers, tomatoes, and other vegetables, *ad libitum* ; sausages ; hommony ; oysters and clams ; salmon and shad ; buckwheat cakes, biscuit, and johnny-cake ; pickles to any extent ; pies, cake, and sweetmeats ; and whatever else it ever entered into the head of a country housewife to put on a breakfast-table, and a great deal that never was thought of before, for any such purpose. And my solitary chair was the only one set for this repast ! It was appalling.

For attendants, I had the landlord and the landlady, the young lady ‘help,’ magnificent in ribbons and jewelry, and the bar-keeper, in blue coat and brass buttons, and an enormous display of wristband. They all four bustled about, running over each other in their eagerness to serve me, while the host, rubbing his hands, and smiling apologetically, remarked :

‘Sorry we have nothing better to give you, Sir ; but your coming so privately, last night, took us rather by surprise. Hope you’ll be able to make a breakfast, Sir.’

I ate breakfast in amaze, cogitating whether these extraordinary attentions could be the result of the wide-spread fame of the house of Naryred and Company, or whether I had really achieved a distinguished reputation without being aware of it. At any rate, the breakfast was substantial, and no illusion. I inwardly resolved I would always patronize this tavern, whenever I came to Smithburgh.

Presently I observed indications that I was not only an object of attention, but of curiosity. Faces, as of persons standing on chairs, appeared behind the three panes of glass over the door, staring intently at every mouthful I took. When I looked, the faces suddenly ducked out of sight. When I looked away, they reappeared, or were succeeded by others, staring in turn. The window opening on the street was darkened all at once, and on turning round to see the reason, I surprised a crowd of urchins, piled in tiers, flattening their noses against it with intense staring, all of whom vanished as I looked. The landlord, by incautiously opening the door which led to the kitchen, caused a sudden rustling and scampering, and a suppressed scream, which led to the ir-

resistible conclusion that a bevy had been taking turns there, staring through the key-hole.

Breakfast was hardly over, before there came a rap at the door, followed by the announcement that some gentlemen were waiting to pay their respects to me. By this time I was past being astonished at any thing, so I unhesitatingly desired them to be shown in. The door was flung open, and in bustled a pompous-looking elderly man, in black broadcloth, with a huge gold watch-seal dangling from his fob, a gold-headed cane in his hand, and a pair of gold spectacles astride his nose. His face was very red, but a stern determination was written on every feature of it. A lank, solemn-visaged individual, and another, short, stout, and smiling, followed. Behind them came, I should think, nearly the entire population of the village, of all ages, sorts, and sizes, squeezing in so as to completely fill the room, only leaving a respectful circle, about three feet in diameter, in front of me; and every one of them staring at me as hard as he knew how.

Advancing to the verge of this opening, the pompous man, with one arm extended at right angles to his body, and the other thrust beneath his coat-tails, addressed me after this fashion:

‘Mr. PRESIDENT: Honored and Respected Sir: This is a proud day for Smithburgh. Unexpected as was your coming, it is welcome — welcome to our homes, our h’arths, and our bosoms. Long have we watched your gigantic career, whether in shedding your life-blood in your country’s cause, upon the fervid plains of Mexico, or in boldly guiding the helm of the Ship of State, amid tempests that threatened momentarily to wreck her on the shoals of a fathomless abyss! But we knew the eye of the American Eagle was fixed upon you; and the result would justify our predictions. We knew that the — a — a — shafts of vile calumny were aimed at your devoted head; but we knew also that they rankled against an impenetrable shield, which would quench them forever into — to the ground. Sir, you *are* welcome. In the name and on the behalf of my fellow-citizens, I tender to you the hospitalities of Smithburgh, and the freedom of the city, trusting you will excuse the box, with which, for lack of timely warning, we are unprovided.’

I stammered out some bewildered acknowledgments in reply to this harangue, apparently to the disappointment of the assemblage, who evidently expected from me a speech, in similar style, in return. But as their orator had remarked about the box, for lack of previous warning, I was unprovided with any speech to make.

Recovering himself a moment after, the spokesman blandly introduced himself as General Smith, and then proceeded to introduce his townsmen.

‘This, Sir, is Deacon Jones, one of our first men, and a fellow-member of the Committee of Reception, of which I have the honor to be chairman. Dr. Davis, Sir, the other member.’

The Deacon and the Doctor grasped my hand until I thought they never would leave off shaking it. Twice did the Deacon open his mouth as in act to speak; twice were his emotions or his modesty too much for him, and the mouth closed again without utterance. Mean-

while, others behind pressed forward to be introduced and shake hands in turn.

'Squire Staples, Sir, a great friend of yours, and an original Jackson man from the start; Mr. Tompkins; our clergyman, Reverend Mr. Peterson; Mr. Betts, Mr. Dobson, Mr. McGuire, Judge Jenkins, (one of our first men, Sir,) Captain O'Flynn, of the Smithburgh Guards; Mr. Jacobs, Mr. — a — (I forget your name) — ah! Mr. Slimkins, a highly-respected draper and clothing merchant of our place, Sir — not one of our folks politically, but we shall have him one of these days, yet;' (a laugh and a significant nudge from Mr. Slimkins;) 'Mr. Schnuphausen, one of our adopted citizens, and one of our hardest workers, Sir — true as steel and regular as election comes round; Mr. Hodges, Sir, the editor of the Smithburgh *Weekly Messenger*.'

'My only regret, Sir,' said this latter luminary, a lean, cadaverous young man, with a strong odor of Monongahela whiskey, 'is that I had not known of your arrival earlier, that I might have announced it in an extra this morning.'

'It is of no consequence,' began I.

'Oh!' said he, interrupting, '*you* may say that, Sir, but I cannot suffer so important an event to pass without an extra. It will come out this afternoon; already in type; goes to press at one o'clock.'

'Well, I declare,' here broke in General Smith, 'if there an't the post-master at last. Thought it was about time you was getting round. Here, Sir,' said he, taking the new-comer by the arm and leading him up to me, 'here is a gentleman that is bound to stand by you through thick and thin. This is Mr. Higginbotham, our post-master.'

Mr. Higginbotham, his face beaming with satisfaction, grasped me by both hands. 'My dear Sir, I am under everlasting obligations to you. It will never be forgotten, I assure you. And if work for the party is wanted, I am the man.'

'Higginbotham always was sound as a nut,' remarked the General; 't an't likely he'll change now he's got the commission.'

'Are you on your way to Washington, Sir?' here interposed Deacon Jones.

'I! Oh! no,' said I.

'Going up to Concord, perhaps, Sir?' said 'Squire Staples.

I also disclaimed this imputation, wondering what the deuce I should be going to either place for.

'Saw you were travelling privately like, and perhaps wanted to avoid observation, otherwise we should have got up a celebration for you. Thought you'd prefer to have us just come round and see you quietly in this way.'

Queer ideas of quiet these Smithburghers have, thought I to myself — turning a town topsy-turvy out of a regard for privacy!

'Knowed him!' here burst out an energetic little man, who had been conversing *sotto voce* with Dr. Davis at my left elbow; 'Knowed him! I'd a knowed him any where. Why, he's just the picture of himself right over again, that is, without the horse.'

'Your Excellency is a younger-looking man than I expected to see,'

said the Reverend Mr. Peterson ; ' your onerous duties do not wear upon your health, I trust ? They must be oppressive.'

' Ah ! yes,' said Dr. Davis, whose plump, oily appearance testified that he took but little of his own medicine, ' brain, Sir, brain,' significantly tapping the spot where his own mental apparatus was located.

' I reckon there 's a right smart deal of head-work to be done in that sitooation of hisn,' said Mr. Dobson, an honest, farmer-like looking man, clad in sheep's gray, addressing the company generally.

' Yes, Sir !' ' That 's a fact ;' and ' Faix, ye may say that same,' chimed in a chorus from the outsiders of the circle.

' Would you have any objection, Sir,' said Mr. Hodges, dropping his voice to a whisper, ' to indicate which way, in your experienced judgment, our election is going to go ?'

' Why really,' replied I, ' living as I do, and taking so little part in politics, I —'

' I understand,' said he, nodding and interrupting ; ' I understand. Quite right ; in your exalted position, one can't be too cautious of what he says. You are quite right. I beg your pardon for making the inquiry.'

Here a dead silence ensued for a brief time, the insiders of the circle apparently being talked out, and the outsiders too much awed by the dignity of the occasion to venture any remarks.

' I wish Lootenant Reed was here,' at length observed 'Squire Staples ; ' he'd a been delighted. Probably you did n't know him, but he fought with you in Mexico. He 's a giant of a fellow, six feet two, and a perfect dare-devil.'

It struck me that, although I had never been in Mexico, yet, if this belligerent lieutenant entertained the impression that he had fought with me there, he might possibly want to fight with me again in Smithburgh. So I mentally hoped he would not return before I left.

' May I beg the honor of just one moment's private conversation,' entreated a shabby-genteel personage, drawing me aside by the coat-button. ' I am an attorney and counsellor-at-law ; but business is poor here. By the way, I ought to mention that I have always worked hard for the party, and never dreamed of asking anything. Any body will tell you so. But what I was going to ask you was, whether, if I come down your way, there would be any chance of my getting an office ? I would n't think of such a thing if it was n't for my straitened circumstances. There really do n't seem to be nothing for me to do up here.'

Ah ! thought I, he is thinking of going to New-York to practice, and wants to know about renting an office there. So I told him : ' Certainly, he would have no difficulty in getting one, though it was rather late in the season.'

' Yes, I know that,' said he ; ' I ought to have been on hand at the fourth of March. But you really think I could do something in that way ? And about how much do you think it would be worth ?'

I told him there was a great difference in the rents, that they ranged from fifty dollars up to five hundred, and even eight hundred, or nine hundred dollars.

'Yes, so I supposed, by what I seen about 'em in the blue book. One of them eight hundred dollar ones would be just the thing for me.'

I could not help thinking it would be a long time before he would do business enough to warrant him in renting an eight hundred dollar office. But before the colloquy proceeded further, it was broken off by the landlord's bringing the information that it only wanted fifteen minutes of the time for the down-train, and that 'they were waiting so escort me to the cars.'

Having by this time come to the conclusion that Smithburgh was one vast asylum and all its population lunatics, I submitted resignedly to the programme that appeared to be marked out for me. I walked out, the crowd within respectfully following, and the crowd without cheering vociferously as I made my appearance.

Captain O'Flynn's Smithburgh Guards were drawn up in a line before the door, in their gorgeous uniform of yellow coats with green facings, and blue pantaloons with a red stripe down the side, and were standing in obedience to the order, 'Present arms!' They wheeled into marching order; the drum and fife struck up 'Hail Columbia,' General Smith took me by the arm; the other two committee-men divided between them the honor of carrying my carpet-bag; the citizens paired off by twos behind us, and away we marched to the railroad station, a crowd lining the side-walks, 'the ladies' thronging the windows and waving white handkerchiefs; the crowd cheering; the dogs barking; the little boys with sticks and paper caps marching alongside, and General Smith, all the way, pouring into my ears the deep gratitude of the town for the visit, the equally deep regret that they had not had time to get up a more befitting 'celebration,' and urgent entreaties that I would repeat the visit 'when Congress adjourned.'

Arrived at the cars just in season, I parted from my hospitable friends on the platform, with more hand-shakings, and a whispered entreaty of 'Do n't forget the office,' from my shabby-genteel friend; and as the train moved off, nine stentorian cheers from the assembled gathering actually drowned the locomotive's whistle.

I had become so used to adulation and admiration by my morning's experience, that I half-expected to be greeted with similar demonstrations aboard the train; and half wondered whether the city bells would strike up a peal of welcome in honor of my return, and whether I should find the Common Council and General Sandford with the first Brigade of N. Y. S. M., waiting at the dépôt to escort me to the City Hall.

Nothing of the sort transpired, however. Nobody took any particular notice of me, either on the train or when I got off of it. I had quite sunk into my original insignificance.

I walked home to my lodgings without exciting any attention in the streets. Reaching there, I pulled off my new boots, which had proved rather tight, and sat down in easy slippers to rest and cogitate upon my singular adventures.

Some writing on the inside of the lining of one of the boots attracted my notice. I took it up and read, in a large round hand, '*Franklin Pierce.*'

The mystery was explained! In hastily purchasing ready-made

boots, I had bought a pair made for the President. When I set them out over night to be blacked at the 'Smithburgh Hotel,' the waiter had read the name, and communicated the important secret to the landlord, from whom it had spread like wildfire through the town. I had been passing with the Smithburghers for President Pierce!

I have not ventured to show myself in Smithburgh since. I have never heard of General Pierce's going there either, so I suppose they are not undeceived to this day.

P.S. : If you print this story in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, don't let any copies of it go to Smithburgh.

I N T H E F O R E S T .

We lie beneath the forest shade,
Whose sunny tremors dapple us :
She is a proud-eyed Grecian maid,
And I am *SARDANAPALUS* ;
A king uncrowned, whose sole allegiance
Obtains in dusky forest-regions.

How cool and liquid seems the sky !
How blue and still the distance is !
White fleets of cloud at anchor lie,
And mute are all existences ;
Save here and there a bird that launches
A shaft of song among the branches.

Within this alien realm of shade,
We keep a sylvan passover :
We happy twain ; a wayward maid,
A careless, gay philosopher :
But unto me she seems a *VENUS*,
And Paphian grasses nod between us.

Her drooping eyelids half-conceal
A vague, uncertain mystery ;
Her tender glances half-reveal
A sad, impassioned history ;
A tale of hopes and fears unspoken,
Of thoughts that die and leave no token.

'Oh! braid a wreath of budding sprays,
And crown me queen!' the maiden says :
'Queen of the shadowy woodland ways,
And wandering winds whose cadences
Are unto thee that tale repeating
Which I must perish while secreting !'

I wove a wreath of leaves and buds,
And blooms with golden chalices,
And crowned her queen of summer woods,
And dreamy forest-palaces ;
Queen of that realm whose ancient story
Makes life a splendor, death a glory.

M A Y D R E A M S .

BENEATH the new-leaved maple trees that dro
 Their gulfs of shadow on the warm, deep gr
 In dreamy sort I lie, while down the slope
 With idle face the cloud-shades pass,
 And flitting o'er the stream,
 Drift up the mountain wall that zones the vale,
 And vanish like the memory of a dream
 When night grows pale.

The incense from white-tented fields of bloom
 Makes it an ecstasy to lie and breathe
 The cool airs from the forest's emerald gloom,
 Where wine-dark runnels with gray mosses wreathe,
 And sombre pines complain.
 A soft and wooing touch is in the air,
 A touch like lovers' lips that close with vain,
 Impassioned prayer.

On kindling hills and slumbrous mountain-sides
 The air melts to an amethystine sea,
 Folding each piny crag and scar in tides
 Of hazy, dreamy unreality.
 Ancient, vast, and solemn,
 The smoky peaks loom on the sky afar,
 As when on Arctic seas an ice-berg's volume
 Hides Hesper's star.

Thoughts of the loved and lost : scenes that were dear,
 Because in other eyes their beauty shone;
 Fair ghosts of hopes and pleasures reappear,
 And glow with saddened splendor not their own.
 Thus in the plaintive shell
 The ripple's whisper and the tempest's roar
 Of its remembered shore, or sink or swell
 For evermore.

Far-wandering winds and melancholy seas,
 The wash of surges on a desert isle :
 White rafts of cloud, like anchored argosies,
 Green eastern wolds that in the sun-set smiles :
 Such visions fade and come
 In shadowy glimpses of those old abodes
 When Progress, primal curse of earth, was dumb,
 And men were gods.

These daisied meadows piping shepherds dance,
 Rude altars smoke upon the windy lawns,
 Misshapen Satyrs peer from woodland haunts,
 The forests echo to the laugh of fawns,
 And everlasting PAN,
 His curled horns pranked with wreaths of varied blooms,
 His ancient sway o'er nature, brute, and man
 Again resumes.

The green-haired Nereids pour their foaming uru
 In yonder willow-girdled chasm, where
 The noisy wild bee blows his breezy horn
 And leafy murmurs lull the sleepy air :

The idle waves ensue,
 A stream of wrinkled silver to the main,
 Like some rare dream of song that wanders through
 A poet's brain.

The round earth is a mighty censer, swung
 By hands sublime before the starry choir:
 Its rhythmic hymn by rolling worlds is sung,
 Its incense drifts from fields of flowery fire,
 Being's exhaustless source!
 Each May that stirs th' insensate clod to tell
 Of coming bud and fruit, in man restores
 Life's miracle.

BRITISH AND FRENCH ART IN NEW-YORK.

JOHN BULL, in the plenitude of his good nature — but we must digress thus early from our subject, after the fashion of the veritable history of *Tristram Shandy*, to defend this expression, lest some one of our down-right Yankee brethren, with his prejudices refreshed by a glance from his window at his pet granite obelisk, should take us to task for advancing such heresy as that John Bull is ever good-natured. Now, albeit that our male parent (we take him to be the husband of our mother country) has gained the reputation of being a grumpy and somewhat belligerent old codger, yet we cannot but give him credit for an occasional amiable low, when we see him caring for the amusement of his herd by Sydenham Crystal Palace and Manchester Exhibition, even while all Europe is shaking red flags at him across the Channel, and black ban-dogs are worrying his fair cows and tender calves in the far-off pasture-field of India.

John Bull, then, in the plenitude of his good nature, has not even forgotten his prodigal offspring in these troublous times, but has sent over for our admiration and instruction, an Exhibition of British Art, with a royal good fellow of a British custodian to aid our weak perceptions in the discovery of its beauties. Let no captious grumbler whisper in our ear, that may be, after all, it is but a trading speculation of some London print-seller, who did not go to see Church's Niagara, and never heard of Cropsey or Kensett, but believed that 'the Americans do not know what pictures are, and will buy any thing that has a name to it.' Did he, too — good, honest advocate of the French Alliance — promote the sending of a more showy representative congress of Gallic painters, and calling it 'The Exhibition of Paintings by Modern Artists of the French School,' forward the interest of each sales-room by generous rivalry! Out upon such damnable heresy, and let us learn gratefully our first lessons in the appreciation of high art, without making faces at our kind preceptor. Let us premise that we have never been to 'the other side,' and knowing only Ruskin, the 'Art

Magazine,' and kindred publications, let us enter humbly upon the task of discovering, first in the British Exhibition, the beauties of art, in the works of painters whose talents are therein exalted. Hermes! Thot! or by whatsoever name thou art called, tutelar divinity of artists, forefend that we should discover, within this thy shrine, the Bathos of Art!

Our unaccustomed eyes are first attracted to strange, bright-colored pictures, vividly distinct in all their details, of impossible boys and unearthly infants, with grass of brightest green, running up into where we look for the sky; we do not like to exhibit our ignorance before the Briton, so we appeal privately to our countryman, quondam editor of the '*Crayon*,' who has lent his taste and judgment to aid in the arrangement of the galleries and hanging of the pictures. These are works of the new school of Pre-Raphaelite painters. We approach the representation of a yellow-haired boy, whom, at first sight, we judge to have lain so long upon his mother's grave, that his white-duck sailor-trowsers have become mildewed, but the improbability of this theory leads us to the conclusion, that these gray spots are the shade of a tree, which, as it does not appear, we receive on faith. In the back-ground (if the remembrance of there being no perspective taught in this school had not flashed upon us, we should have thought it up a grassy hill) a lamb hidden from its mother by an intervening tomb-stone, is intended as an allegorical coadjutant to the main subject, the presence of which is one of the technical characteristics of this school; but so awkward is the whole composition, an otherwise pure and touching sentiment is spoiled by the bad company it has got into. Finally we turn away with fixed determination, in our secret mind, to gyrate our small brother in order to discover whether it be possible for the most flexible of mortals to assume the position of that boy upon the grass.

'— *quam quam ridentem dicere verum*
Quid ectat.'

This is not Art; neither do we conceive it to be a fair exponent of that school of art, which, still new to our times, has called itself by the unfortunate and undescriptive name of Pre-Raphaelite. We are fully mindful that the school is an infant one, yet in its primary department, but we submit that too many square feet of daubed canvas (of which the picture we have first come upon is no unfair sample) go to prove, that the spirit and intention of its teachings are misunderstood by many professing to call themselves by its name, who are bringing it into disrepute, if not into ridicule, by their false representations. If we rightly understand the *animus* of its founders, its Pre-Raphaelism consists not in an assumed unlearning of all that art has gained since the days of Raphael, in absence of perspective, in glaring tapestry coloring, or in a mock religious sentimentality. The all-pervading spirit which gives it life are those elements of ideal beauty, which Ruskin has, with quaint force, named the Lamp of Truth and the Lamp of Religion. Much maudlin talk there has been of Earnestness and Earnest men, but there is behind, or shall we not rather say above, all this, elevated upon a height from which the unreal has fallen, a genuine love, inborn with every

noble heart, that craves for that truth and energy of purpose which constitute real earnestness? Herein, therefore, we find the power, after which this school of painting is now half-blindly groping. Seeking no aid from melo-dramatic contrasts of light and coloring, it needs not to rob itself of all that Art has learned; it may be all truth, and yet have breadth, and depth, and effective force of composition; foreground and back-ground need not to be rolled out flat, like the pie-man's crust, and plastered, thus distorted, on the canvas; your crag, two miles away, needs not to topple over the heads of sheep here at our feet, that the artist may prove himself too much in earnest with his main design for any care of such trivial considerations as distance, relative distinctness, or real appearance to the eye.

The marked feature of the paintings of this school, as they strike the mere casual observer, is the finish which is given to all the details, even to those of the most trivial importance; every leaf and every blade of grass seems to have been made the subject of a study, and in an extended landscape the effect is displeasing and false. The eye in looking, rests but upon few objects, and these the ones to which it is attracted by some exciting cause; so in painting, the objects, which give the name and character to what is painted, have a distinctness to which all their surroundings must be subordinate. Thus in portraits, the most pleasing finish, more common in crayon drawings than in painting, is that which makes the head a finished study, but leaves the figure a mere blur of hasty pencil-strokes. Where but few objects are represented, and no great extent of surface painted, we are not affected by this glare. 'Middlemas' Interview with his Unknown Parents,' by Windus, would not be immediately detected as belonging to this school; but three figures are introduced, and, as the interest centres naturally in them, the elaborate finish does not so stare us in the face. The same effect of unity subduing this too great distinctness is observable in 'Ophelia,' and 'April Love,' by Arther Hughes, the painter of what we have already described as the 'Mildewed Boy,' a name which has universally supplanted that of the Catalogue, 'Home from Sea; The Mother's Grave;' but we cannot say as much for 'A Finished Sketch,' by the same artist, of a fearsome maiden, who is braiding long strands of yellow tow, no doubt a wig, for no such hair ever grew on human head.

Happily for the reputation of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, there is in the collection a small copy of Holman Hunt's noble and now world-renowned painting, 'The Light of the World.' We cannot convey any idea of its beauty by mere description. The design is simple and quaint; the SAVIOUR is standing at a door, strong barred, and grown over with ivy, thorns, and worthless weeds; HE has just knocked, and, with anxious face and half-bowed head, listens for the soul's reply; the time is evening, and the pale-green shimmer of an English moon-lit night but half reveals the objects in the back-ground, while the SAVIOUR's figure and the door are brought out in strong relief by the gleam of the lantern which HE carries, hung by a chain from His left hand. CHRIST is represented with the golden crown and royal jewelled robe of His exalted state; but we cannot better embody both the details of the

picture and its religious sentiment than by copying from a letter of Ruskin, in which he gives his conception of its meaning :

‘ . . . I speak of the picture called ‘The Light of the World,’ by Mr. Holman Hunt. Standing by it yesterday for upwards of an hour, I watched the effect it produced upon the passers-by. Few stopped to look at it, and those who did, almost invariably, with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the SAVIOUR with a lantern in His hand. Now it ought to be remembered that, whatever may be the faults of a Pre-Raphaelite picture, it must at least have taken much time, and therefore it may not unwarrantably be presumed that conceptions, which are to be so laboriously realized, are not adopted in the first instance without some reflection. So that the spectator may surely question with himself whether the objections which now strike every one in a moment might not possibly have occurred to the painter himself, either during the time devoted to the design of the picture, or the months of labor required for its execution ; and whether, therefore, there may not be some reason for his persistence in such an idea, not discoverable at the first glance.

‘ Mr. Hunt has never explained his work to me ; I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation.

‘ The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse : ‘ Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear MY voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me.’ (Rev. 3 : 20.) On the left-hand side of the picture is seen the door of the Human Soul : it is fast barred ; its bars and nails are rusty ; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it ; the threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn—the wild grass ‘ whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.’ CHRIST approaches it in the night-time—CHRIST, in His everlasting offices of Prophet, Priest, and King. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him ; the jewelled robe and breast-plate, representing the sacerdotal investiture ; the royal crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns ; not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

‘ Now when CHRIST enters any human soul He bears with Him a two-fold light. First, the light of conscience ; its fire is red and fierce ; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed but to hereditary guilt.

‘ This light is suspended by a chain, wrapped about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of CHRIST.

‘ The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation ; it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

'I believe there are very few persons on whom the picture, thus justly understood, will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age.

'It may, perhaps, be answered, that works of art ought not to stand in need of interpretation of this kind. Indeed, we have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of meaning in a work of art may very naturally at first appear to us an unkind demand on the spectator's understanding. But in a few years more, I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth, that neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing, can be fathomed to the very bottom in a moment of time ; and that no high enjoyment, either in picture-seeing, or any other occupation, is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.

'As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt's painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe this difference between true Pre-Raphaelite work, and its imitations. *The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature in the position, and at the distance, which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope.* Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt's picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of color ; becoming reality at its due distance. In like manner, examine the small gems on the robe of the figure. Not one will be made out in form, and yet there is not one of all those minute points of green color, but it has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre.'

That there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, was never perhaps more practically illustrated than when that step carried us from this glorious work of true art, to Miss Liddal's 'Clerk Saunders and May Margaret.' 'Sketch for a Picture'? We hope, for the fair artist's sake, that she does not call it, like Hughes' Rosamond, a 'finished' sketch. If this be not the Bathos of Art, where shall we seek it? We would fain describe this effort of Pre-Raphaelism run mad, but, like the notorious swearer when the freshet carried away his mills, we are 'not equal to the occasion.'

In another painting, 'King Lear,' by Mr. F. Madox Brown, we find, in strange medley, faults of the artist, and faults of his school, mingled with high merit of both. The figure of Lear, and the face of the Fool, are above all praise ; but Cordelia, in the effort of the artist to make her true to her ancient Briton character, is a Billingsgate fish-wife gone into high tragedy on the boards of a provincial theatre. We are pleased, too, with the bright sunshiny landscape, looked out upon through an open window, but it did not need to be made tumbling in at the window to give it greater truth. Why will not these soldiers of a new crusade in art, learn wherein their power lies? But one more long look at Hunt's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' (also a small copy of the original,) and we have done with the Pre-Raphaelites.

Although their pictures are not in greater number, or, with few exceptions, of greater merit, than the productions of other British artists, whose names, if not their talents, are here represented, yet in them centres most of the interest of the Exhibition. Their style is new, quaint, and attractive; and, if they are no fairer samples of what this school has done, than are the other pictures of the present state of British art, even in its infancy the school is stalwart.

In strong contrast to the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, we turn next to five water-color sketches of Turner's, and, after finding the proper *focus* of vision, (a matter of some little study,) we sit quietly down, in a chair we always find opposite to them, for a season of enjoyment without alloy. We already know something of Turner; a few of his paintings, though not the best, have, before this, found their way across the water, and the Art Magazine, and many well-executed line-engravings, have given us a foretaste of his power.

The sketches in the Exhibition were carefully chosen to teach rather the peculiarities of his style than the height of majesty to which his finest works have soared.

We borrow the quaint fancy of a brother artist, likewise a poet, who classed them thus: 'These two are like a simple melody in music; these are a harmony; and this bewildering, half-finished looking sketch, is an orchestral symphony not yet completed.' The first pair, 'Coast Scene,' and 'The Jetty,' are specimens of Turner's early drawing; the others, of later works; but none are finished paintings. The 'Swiss Valley,' especially, has a strange, misty character, with half-drawn figures peeping out from a dun haze. We rise from the contemplation with an unsatisfied craving, and come back again to gaze, and gaze again, into that dim but grateful mysticism. Had all the Exhibition been thus collected; had the living artists been but enabled to select from their own works, and thus have done themselves the justice that has been granted to the dead, the critic's occupation had been almost all praise.

It is not our purpose to give a descriptive catalogue of the Exhibition, a very thankless task, but simply to convey an idea of it as a whole, in respect of its being a representative of modern British art. We know the difficulties under which the collectors must have labored, even supposing them to have been earnest in their purpose of giving us a fair representation; which is but half the truth. The finest works of the artists are in the possession of British owners, who would not risk their transportation, or, even if this risk were trifling, do not care enough for teaching the half-savage Yankees how to appreciate the nobility of art. But viewing it as it is, we were half-tempted to yield a regretful acquiescence to the remark of one of our own artists, that, if these men can paint so badly, they cannot be so great as British acclamation has enthroned them. Jove nods at times, however, and the misfortune of the Exhibition, as a whole, is, that it has caught him just on the nod.

We had heard much, for instance, of Noel Paton, as among the first of living Scottish artists; but there never has been so much as an engraving of any of his paintings in this country, and the only approach to a representation of his work, which we have seen, was a photograph

taken from his last painting of 'Home,' in the possession of our friend McC —, over whose return to his own land, and the cause of it, we must here record our sorrow. We sought out, therefore, with some eagerness, the only one of his paintings in this collection, which is rendered conspicuous in the catalogue by three verses from Coleridge's 'Genevieve,' appended to the name. We started back in positive horror. The subject was trivial — the color bad — the figures ungraceful and unnatural. If that is Coleridge's 'Genevieve,' we would not have gone out on such a dreary-looking night to meet her by the light of the moon — but then, we are an old bachelor. The picture is an outrage upon Paton's reputation, and he should have burned it before he ever permitted it to come over here as a sample of his style and execution.

The water-color galleries are by far the most complete in their representative character; but few great names are wanting, and the pictures are good; in the department of oils, however, we miss some of the most noted of British artists, and others have their genius so feebly shadowed forth, that they had been gainers by their absence. We have enough of bad pictures in our native exhibitions, without requiring to import such wastes of paint and canvas as Burton's 'London Magdalen,' or Fred Leighton's 'Romeo and Juliet.' The absence of any of Millais' paintings is, we believe, shortly to be atoned for, as two of his pictures are engaged to be sent over as soon as the Manchester Exhibition is packed up and distributed.

We cannot close our notice of this collection, without stopping for a moment before a simple, life-like picture, by F. B. Barwell, called 'The London Gazette, 1854: Bad News from Sebastopol.' It has all the distinctness of detail, and the earnestness of the Pre-Raphaelites, but does not belong to them; we hardly know why; so difficult is it to draw the line of distinction between the earnestness and purpose of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and the same qualities in other artists.

The figures are of two women in the lower class of life — house-servants or wash-women, as the ironing-table stands in the background. One of them has just read, in the Gazette, the death of her husband or lover, and, still clutching the paper, has thrown herself upon the floor, with her face buried in the lap of her companion. The whole figure expresses an agony too deep for words, or tears, or even motion. The face of the other is a master-piece. It is a hard face, hardened by care, and poverty, and toil, and its own heart's bitterness, but this natural rigidity has melted into such an earnestness of hopeless, helpless pity, as only he can appreciate who has seen his friend crushed down by such a weight of misery as no words of sympathy can reach.

To the attractions of this Exhibition has lately been added Miss Hosmer's 'Beatrice Cenci,' which, although it does not come within the scope of our discussion of British art, we cannot pass unnoticed; but, as it has already been exhibited in Boston, and, both there and here, fully discussed in its proper character as a work of American art, the mere mention of its presence will suffice to recall the enjoyment of its beauties, and the criticism of its defects.

Turn we now our steps to the French Exhibition—a name more descriptive than that of its advertisement; for although, as we have previously hinted, it is the offspring of a Londoner's Yankee notion, not only are the pictures, but the appointments of the gallery, and even the catalogue, decidedly French. In the catalogue, after the names of the artists, their receipts of various medals, cordons, etc., are emblazoned with a care and pertinacity so intensely French as to be almost Spanish. The frames of the pictures are all of the brightest and most elaborate gilt; many of the oil paintings (there are but three water-colors) are glazed; and upon the tables we find, strange objects in an art gallery, magnifying lenses, for the examination of paintings of the Meissonier school, but which are used indiscriminately by the well-meaning spectators.

We note also the presence of two large mirrors; not cleverly managed, however, as the one at the exhibition of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' which, being inclined at an acute angle with the face of the painting, produces an effect almost stereoscopic by the sudden change of the angle of vision. We are led to judge, therefore, that these mirrors are meant to reflect, not the paintings, but works of art, which walk, and flirt, and even flatter themselves that they converse. Every thing, in short, tends to impress us with the idea that it is a 'sensation' sales-room, and, not even in the intention of the originator, an exhibition of art.

But in the paintings themselves, even in most of the few which fairly represent the French school, we discover the same gilded, and glazed, and got-up-for-effect appearance. There is about them a certain surface grace and elegance, but utter soullessness, which as much exhibits the national characteristics of the French people, as do the rugged but earnest efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites give expression to the true fire, which warms the British soul under the cold and formal exterior of the animal man. Take, for instance, 'The Prayer,' by a third-class medallist of 1853 and 1855—Trayer; a child in a pink-silk dress and worked apron, trimmed with French lace, is kneeling on a plush-covered chair, before a lady in a maroon-colored velvet jacket, etc., etc. We sicken with the effort of dress-making details.

Or look at what is universally considered to be the only first-rate picture by a first-rate artist in the collection, (if we except the three paintings by Rosa Bonheur,) 'The Chess Players,' by Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier. Our first impression of the source of excellence in this picture is, that it is the same as characterizes the little Persian paintings on ivory, which, accompanied by a lense, are handed round as curiosities, and you are called upon to 'look at each hair of the beard, how distinctly it is drawn.' The faces, the figures, the very twisting of the legs, are all expressive and well drawn, but there is a smooth, genteel, drawing-room air about the coloring and composition, that robs it of its life. It is a painting—carefully and correctly painted—but the paint, and the care, and the correctness, so interpose themselves between you and the subject of the picture, that you forget the last, in your magnifying-glass examination of the former.

Pre-Raphaelism could never have sprung from the soil which nour-

ishes these precise and refined productions of mechanical skill. There is not in the whole collection a single picture, never so good, or so bad, that shows the struggling of a lofty spirit, seeking to free itself from the fetters of conventional science, or the short-comings of its own mechanical power, and striving, without due knowledge, to give expression to its noble thought.

We concede that these are not the best works of the artists represented, nor are many of the best artists represented at all, but we hold that the fault is of the school, and of the national character which gave it birth.

But we must from this general category make some exceptions, and, not going beyond the names actually represented, we would class by themselves as a distinct race, yet all differing from one another, Rosa Bonheur, Edward Frere, Isabey, Hamon, Palizzi, Ary Scheffer, and Horace Vernet. We include the latter from what we know him to be, not from any merit in the one little picture, 'The Combat,' in which he has saved himself the trouble of painting the men, by shutting down their vizors, and the horses, by covering them up in their cloths and trappings, but leaving visible three well-drawn legs, a head and a tail.

Palizzi we do not esteem as an artist of the highest order, but his goats are not moral, refined, and well-behaved goats, and one little kid, in 'The Approaching Storm' has a real spice of the devil in his saucy face, and the flirt of his heels, that is quite refreshing in the midst of so much starched propriety.

It was a happy thought we met with lately, in an article speaking of 'The Horse-Fair,' that Rosa Bonheur paints animals as they are, mere brute beasts, while Landseer always represents them in some moral relation. The remark has even more truth in reference to her pictures in this collection than to the 'Horse-Fair.' Those two laboring, panting oxen, dragging a plough, are good serviceable animals, such as any farmer would be proud to own, but the composition of the picture is strikingly bare and rugged. The same is true of many of the paintings of this eccentric genius that we are familiar with from lithographs and copies; she paints portraits of animals with a truth and real vitality, that have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed; but, with few exceptions, her ability to do more is never exhibited, although there is a feeling among her admirers, that she has a higher power, foreshadowed in 'The Horse-Fair,' and in the foreground, and the sweeps of mist, in her 'Denizens of the Highlands,' which will yet make itself known and felt. The 'Limier Briquet Hound' is esteemed the finest of her three representative pictures, and we also notice in it quite an effective back-ground of forest perspective. Dubufe's celebrated portrait of her, the head of her favorite bull in which, is said to have been painted in by herself, is also in the collection. A portrait of the Empress Eugenie, by the same artist, is tame and stiff.

Five charming little 'Scenes in Humble Life,' by Eduoard Frere, are the pets of the exhibition. They are truthful, life-like, and have a home-like element of beauty which touches the heart and awakens its sympathies, while the unobtrusive skill of their composition and coloring pleases the eye, and gratifies artistic or technical criticism. The

figures do not look as if they were sitting to have their portraits taken, but are real, natural, home-spun little bodies, too much engaged in their occupations of dressing dolls, and cutting carrots, and shelling peas, to notice that other folks are staring at them. The face and figure of 'The Young Artist,' a girl in somewhat higher life than the others, are beautiful and touching. This artist is not to be confounded with Theodore Charles Frere, whose extraordinary looking landscapes may be very truthful, and may be gratifying to Eastern travellers, but they all appear to have been painted in one color, and then besprent with red sand of the Arabian Desert.

The style of Jean Louis Hamon is in direct antagonism to that of the Meissonier school. He is as much too indistinct in his coloring and drawing, as the other is too careful and elaborate. The 'Girl Watering Flowers' is not so defective in this respect, and is simple and life-like, although the arrangement of the drapery is rather too classic for the subject, but the the 'Children at Play,' otherwise a lovely little group, are too indistinct in their outlines, and have a faded, washed-out kind of appearance. One little tot, who, dragging along a dead rat by the tail, has gone to the old *bonne* to have his nose wiped upon her apron, and another Bachanalian-looking youngster, who has kicked off his shoes, and is 'playing horse' with them, are especially animated and truthful. Another picture by the same artist, a 'Girl Asleep,' is bad in color and stupid in design.

Three views, by Eugene Isabey, we have also excepted from the over-refined precision of drawing which characterizes the French School. His 'Old St. Valery,' a combined land and marine view, is to us one of the most pleasing paintings of its class; there is noble ruggedness in that old gray pile of irregular building, standing out in the middle-ground of the picture, which is impressive and grand. It has, too, a free dash about its mechanical execution, which is more pleasing to the eye than Ziem's Venitian Canal Views, or even the white, misty 'Coast View' of Gudin.

Ary Scheffer's style, and the painting which here represents it, 'CHRIST crowned with Thorns,' are both too well known to need more than a passing mention.

We bow to the celebrity, and the long list of medals, which have been granted to Couture, but, save in the representation of two little boys, we should never have discovered in 'The Minstrel' the cause of his celebrity or the elements of his power. We submit to higher authorities, and hold our peace.

Passing by in rapid review a pleasing 'Scene in Auvergne,' by Auguste Bonheur, a 'Reaper,' by Fischer, Muller's 'Reading the Scriptures,' and a number of well-executed landscapes by Lambinet, (but sharing the faults of his school,) let us come to the conclusion of the whole matter. If the exhibitions are equally below the standard of a fair representation of 'British Art,' and the 'Paintings of the Modern Artists of the French School,' and may therefore be fairly considered as representing the comparative condition of each, we must give our judgment that the former is in, by far, the most living, healthful, recreative state of animated existence.

O U R C A P T A I N ' S B U R I A L .

I.

HERE, where we found him,
Down by the wood,
Sword-knot and epaulet
Stained with his blood,
Lay him to rest
Under the sod !

II.

Over the prairie,
Riding alone,
He met the Camanches —
Help there was none !
There they set on him,
Fifty to one.

III.

Hemmed in and surrounded,
He took his last stand,
Here, by the maple,
Sabre in hand,
Looked his last look
On the sun-lighted land.

IV.

See how he fought them !
Look there, by his side :
More than *one* savage
Fell e'er he died :
We were but distant
Half-an-hour's ride.

V.

See how the scalping-knife
Did its work there :
Wipe off the blood
From his forehead so fair ;
Reverently put back
The soft curling hair :

VI.

Out off one lock
For his mother to keep :
He was her only one —
How she will weep !
Sobs will not wake him
Out of his sleep.

VII.

Is the grave ready ?
Look while you may :
Think how he left us,
Only to-day,
Whistling a tune,
As he galloped away.

VIII.

Keep back your tears, men,
Soft is his rest ;
Dearest and bravest,
Kindest and best !
Be the turf over him
Light on his breast.

IX.

Fire but one volley
Over our dead ;
Keep for his murderers
Powder and lead :
More than *his* blood
On this spot shall be shed !

X.

Mount now, and ride !
E'er the afternoon sun
Sets o'er the mountains,
Shall justice be done !
More than *one* life
Shall be answer for one,

XI.

How shall we miss you,
In fort and in field :
Miss the clear voice
From the lips DEATH has sealed :
Think how for vengeance
Their silence appealed !

XII.

But regret or revenge
Never'll shade your blue eye,
Or raise up your head
From the grave where you lie :
Forever, Friend, Leader —
Our Captain — good by !

CARYLL DEANE.

L A N D L O R D W Y P E .

BY KIT KELVIN.

In old times — say neighborly times ; or in other words, when some of us were boys ; when stage-coaches were the world, and the blustering, bragging *whips*, the potentates of it, curiosity — eager, prurient curiosity, was fully developed. Illustrations of an exalted nature were thickly strewn over New-England, more particularly among those who were labelled and recognized as tavern-keepers ; a title, by the way, *now* known as landlords and proprietors. The one appellation, a rustic wooden handle ; the other, more more modern, ivory, mahogany, or cut-glass *knob*.

Latter days have swept away, and wiped out, much of this meddlesome element ; and yet there is enough leaven still left to secure fair specimens of the unadulterated grain.

Landlord Wype was the owner of a fine hotel in a quiet village. He was always fat, having commenced life by pulling down twelve pounds avoirdupois. When a boy, he was of that kind who wore short trowsers of a brown, dingy hue, and shone as if polished with brass-filings. In the winter he ornamented himself with a long narrow strap of calf-skin, which depended on both sides of his legs, and met in obtuseness under a heavy, crushing pair of pegged cow-hide boots. The warm aroma (?) of a school-room, which, being remembered, is very pungent, was the general atmosphere which surrounded this planet.

Growing up in this juvenile, circumscribed way, he finally polished himself by attending a boarding-school, from October to April, during which time he suffered much from the various liberal bestowments of his school-mates. At the end of his minority, his father, a man of means, finished his education by sending him to sojourn awhile in town. The time was exceedingly short, however, as in ten days he returned with but one shirt, and a suit of second-hand clothes, that were originally made for a larger person. His natural garrulity forsook him when questioned as to the cause ; but there were rumors of a country youth who had fallen into the hands of evil ones, and had been fearfully *vendued*. Eventually he entered the profession of catering for man and beast, in which he became very successful ; and time had settled him into a certain dignity of manner, greatly assisted by an enormous amount of adipose substance. Such was his life-condition, made public by a handsome swing-sign, emblematical of *ego non tu*. Thus :

Wype's Inn.
SEMPER NON PARATUS.

At Wype's Inn, by a blazing hickory fire, in an old-fashioned arm

chair, sat a guest. He was neither old nor young ; he had neither black nor gray eyes ; a nose neither aquiline nor pug ; a mouth neither large nor straight ; hair neither black nor white ; a forehead neither massively melancholy nor basely low ; neither splendidly equipped nor meanly clad ; boots neither Wellington nor cow-hide ; he was neither smoking nor chewing ; he had no silver or gold snuff-box, nor charms upon a pendent chain, nor an elaborately-chased finger-ring ; neither a pensive nor an abstruse look ; neither ogling through an impudent eye-glass nor staring at vacancy ; neither biting his lips, nor striking the air with clenched fists, nor uttering harsh expletives. When he came, he did not tear up on a mettled charger covered with foam, nor spring cavalier-like, and summon a groom with a voice of wonted command, nor rush upon the host, with torn accents, for brandy and water, nor chuckle a pretty bar-maid under the chin with the leer of a *roué*, nor whip his boots with a *distingué* air, or a sportsman's flourish.

Yet he had two eyes, one nose, one mouth, hair upon his head, fully-dressed, his feet resting upon the floor, while he was looking upon the bright red coals that fell and sparkled from the burning wood. He had entered his name upon the office-book, and taken a room. I have forgotten one thing. He was not in love, neither meditating an abduction.

(Dear KNICK : Allow me to apologize for so minute a description, exact and just as it is, by saying, it is *highly* essential so to do, to compete with the present descriptions of all heroes we read of, figuring in stories : and you know one does not wish to be *isolated*, when his pen is appearing before the public ! *Verbum sat !*)

‘ Sir ! did you ring ? ’

The guest turned listlessly, and his eyes fell upon an orbicular-bodied, little, pompous man, who had opened the door, and was approaching, rubbing his hands with a corresponding sympathetic forward nod of his head, while his face was ornamented with a bland, hotel-like smile.

‘ I did not ! ’ (Quietly.)

‘ Ah ! beg your pardon, Sir.’ Pause, while the bustling little man pricked the fire, and looked up the chimney, and punched the fire again.

‘ I admire that blaze ; do n’t disturb it.’ (Querulously.)

‘ Ah ! beg pardon : was not thinking.’ And the little man looked out of the window. Then he placed a chair that stood awry ; then he looked at his guest, who was looking into the fire ; then he pulled hard upon his cravat, and settled his heavy stomach lower into his trowsers ; then he fumbled some keys, and a copper or two in his pockets, and finally jerked out a bandana pocket-handkerchief, and made a loud cracking noise with his nose ; that is, he blew it.

‘ What the devil do you want ? ’ and the eye of the guest scanned the little man.

‘ Ah ! beg pardon : no offence I hope. Thought I would come up and see if you were comfortable. It is rather chilly, Sir.’

‘ Somewhat ! ’ replied the guest. He had read his man, and was again calculating the distance from the fore-stick to the coals.

'Yes,' said the host, with a heavy breath, reducing his gastric regions perceptibly by so doing.

Another pause, in which the pompous host, somewhat puzzled, squared a table, and kicked up a charred cinder into the fire. Then he arranged a mantel-ornament, and did not like the change, and replaced it. Then he ventured again:

'It has the appearance of a frosty night.'

'Ah!' responded his guest.

'Well, I hope you will make yourself comfortable, Sir.'

'Thank you.'

'Sam!' said the landlord, as he returned to the office. 'Sam! did you ever see the gentleman in Number Two before?'

'Never, Sah!'

'Well, Sam, say something else; you are too short, disrespectful. That's all Number Two says: only replies. He's a devilish queer subject: something wrong, eh?'

'Dunno, Sah. Looks like him be a gembleman, Sah.'

'Sam! watch him!' and Landlord Wype ran his eye over the name recorded. 'Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B.; and that's strange, too. What does M.O.M.O.B. mean? eh, Sam! Depend upon it, Sam, there's something wrong. He must be watched.' And thrusting his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, he wheeled, and faced the grinning African.

'Yes, Sam, *watched!*'

'P'raps, massa, he is *incog.*'

'In what?'

'*Cog*, massa; dat is, do n't want to know hisself.' And Sam rubbed his large flat nose, and looked very wise, while Wype paced hurriedly to-and-fro, and looked wise, too.

'Ting-a-ling — ling!'

'Eh, Sam, Number Two. Go up directly. Have your eyes open. Be on your guard.'

'W-w-why, Massa, you almost make me scared; but de LORD is my shepherd.' And Sam limped away.

Friend of old memories, Clark, did you ever see a negro, over a *certain* age, that was not foundered, maimed, or crimped in some extremity, or that had two whole eyes? Well, Sam was of full age and had all these necessary *colored* perfections.

'Wal, Massa,' said Sam outside Number Two. 'Come in.'

'Yes, Sah,' and the African presented the most of his head, which was nearly covered with a gray, grizzly coat of wool, while his face was darkened by a flat substance called a nose.

'Yes, Sah.'

'Ebony, approach!'

'Yes, Sah.'

'Is your name Cæsar, Pompey.'

'Sam, Sah.'

'Ah! Sam, that'll do — short. Well, Sam, I intend tarrying here some time. I want a great deal of attention. Post-office twice a day, boots ready blacked, and meals in my room; and, Sam, I wish no intruder, or interruption of any kind.'

'Sartinly, Massa. Dis child is of dat complexion. Dat is, Massa, I will see your orders obeyed.'

'Sam, you look clever; and hark ye, can you keep a secret?'

'Like de dark grave, Massa.'

'Here, Sam! I believe you. Here is some change you can stow away for a rainy day. My business is secret.' And Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B., and the African held close converse, until a double rap outside closed the conference. It was Landlord Wype.

'Ah! beg pardon, Mr. Pim—Sam!'

'Remember my charge, Sam.'

'Most dubitably, Sah!'

'My orders have been given to your servant, Sir,' exclaimed Mr. Pim, turning his eye upon the curious host and again into the fire. 'Are your terms in advance?'

'By no means, Sir; all right, Sir. Breakfast at seven, dinner at one, tea at six, Sir. Meals in rooms extra. Suit yourself, Sir.'

'Ah! very well. I have informed Sam.'

'Yes, Sah, de gembleman has 'formed me.'

'Good night, Sir,' said Mr. Pim.

'Good night, Sir,' said Mr. Wype.

CHAPTER SECOND.

PRIOR WYPE was a funny, pompous, obsequious, kind-hearted, suspicious, credulous, officious, inquisitive man, with a small head and ponderous stomach; slightly bald, and wore a hard-starched collar, just grating his ears.

He slept uneasily that night. His dreams were a mixture of pugilistic encounters and fawning attention. In one he had bodily and boldly attacked Mr. Pim, extracted the great secret, and had been carried triumphantly in a sedan chair by the villagers, and made chairman of a meeting, the object and determination of which was to subdue Independent Tartary. During these visions he had severely pounded his innocent wife, and finally awoke with an exhausted, ancient, and mouldy feeling, which obliged him to swallow an extra allowance of Santa Croix and bitters to revive his flagging energies.

'Sam, have you waited on Number Two?'

'Yes, Sah; he has broken his fast. He be a gembleman, Sah; I no think he's suspissus.'

'What have you discovered, Sam?'

'Nothing petiklar. But what he say now and den I put togeder and think I can say he is no bad pusson; and, Massa, I think he be some big 'un in cog.'

'Well, Sam,' (mildly,) '*perhaps it may be so. I think he is high bred, and we will act warily.*'

'Pend on 't he's over and above. He writes a good deal and seems to study more. He looks into the fire, and I see his lips move. Dat is all I see out ob de way, Massa!'

'Ah! well, I hope he is no *bad* character, for the sake of my house. Supposing, Sam, you take up a bottle of champagne. It may do good.'

‘Most dubitably, Sah. A good dodge.’

Knock — knock — and Mr. Pim was interrupted.

‘Come in.’

‘Yes, Sah; Massa’s compliments.’ And Sam undertook a wink from his clear eye.

‘Very good, Sam; and dinner.’

‘We have fresh cod and beef-steak.’

‘Well, Sam, bring up, and my thanks to Mr. Wype.’

Now Landlord Wype was excessively excited, and not a little annoyed at the studied silence of his guest. Mr. Pim paid his bill weekly; was much reserved, and conversed but little. With Sam he was more communicative, and this suggested to Wype he might have designs upon his servant and take him away. Between unexplained circumstances the host began to wear a care-worn look. He had consulted his wife with great caution, hoping to be in part relieved of his increasing anxiety.

Mr. Pim took a walk twice a day, and generally in the same direction, following the road due east, until lost in a copse of wood some half-a-mile distant.

Urged by his insatiable curiosity, and goaded by dissatisfaction, Prior Wype determined upon a cruise of exploration, and accordingly put in execution this liberal enterprise, allowing his guest some half-hour’s start. Not a corner, fence, nor undulating ground escaped his vision, until he espied the object of his search seated beneath a maple, reading a book.

‘It is very singular; devilish queer,’ said Prior Wype.

The rattling wheels startled Mr. Pim, and looking up, met a courteous bow from the landlord.

‘Ah! Mr. Wype, will you take a passenger?’

And immediately the poor host found himself with his mysterious guest going — he knew not where.

Prior Wype had as yet discovered nothing as to the intentions of Mr. Pim, (who had been with him now some ten days,) and driven by extreme curiosity, rallied his courage for a leading question.

‘Do you belong to the army, Sir?’

‘Yes, Sir; to *the great army*.’

‘Major?’

‘It might be so called.’

‘I see upon the book some initials.’

‘Which shall be explained before I leave,’ resolutely replied Mr. Pim, turning eagerly upon Prior Wype, who met his eye, and stammered:

‘Ex-cuse me, Sir.’

‘Yes, Sir. Do you know of any reckless dare-devil I can depend upon for a few days, who will do as he is bid, even if blood is the consequence?’

‘My God, Sir — I — I — do n’t — w-w-what *is* the business?’

‘I will see you again, Sir. I have to get out here. Thank you.’

Between great fear and intense excitement, Prior Wype turned the first corner and pushed eagerly for home, determined that his house should be no harbor for such a person as he had now fully convinced himself

Mr. Pim was ; a dangerous character ; a person intending high mischief, or murder.

‘ Sam ! ’

‘ Yes, Sah. Why, Massa ! you look pale ; what is the matter ? ’

‘ That devilish Major must be attended to *at once*. He intends murder, Sam — murder. ’

‘ Mighty Gorra ! ’

‘ Yes, Sam, he wants Tom Spill to help him. ’

‘ Y-ah — yah. ’

‘ You black scoundrel, laugh again and I will flog you. ’

‘ Massa Wype, who is Major ? ’

‘ Number Two. He did n’t deny the title ; and I think he belongs to a set of pirates, or brigands ! ’

When Sam turned away, there was much meaning in a sly, stray smile wrinkling about his big flat nose.

That afternoon was spent by the landlord in a confidential talk with sundry neighbors, all of whom fully indorsed his fears and counselled immediate action. Mr. Pim was considered (using all charity) a dangerous man, bereft of principle and piety. Some of the neighbors enlisted in the secret ostracism had ugly favored damsels, whose virtue must be preserved *for* themselves if not *by* themselves, for Mr. Pim was not mal-formed. Before morning, the quiet village was full of surmises and excitement, and Mr. Pim, M.O.M.O.B., was fearfully discussed and imaginatively torn to shreds.

The object of all this discussion and curiosity, mingled with bitter suspicions and trembling fear, had quietly returned from his walk, and as quietly retired to his room. His bell had summoned Ebony, who informed Mr. Pim of the present condition of affairs. Sam was fully in the secret, and enjoyed it exceedingly.

The village clock clanged eight P.M. Mr. Pim was once more measuring the distance from fore-stick to red coals, while by his side, out-spread upon the table, lay ‘ The Beauties of Irving. ’

Rap — rap — rap.

‘ In. ’

‘ Ah ! Mr. Pim — alone ? ’

‘ Quite so, Mr. Wype. ’

‘ Hem ! Keep comfortable, Sir, I hope ? ’

‘ Very. ’

‘ Mr. Pim — hem ! You spoke yesterday of a bad character to help you. ’

‘ I did. ’

‘ Well, Sir ; we do n’t have such persons among us. ’

‘ Ah ! Quite a moral community, egad ! hardly credible ; human nature, you know, Mr. Wype, is treacherous. ’

‘ True, ’ (trembling.) ‘ But, Mr. Pim — Major, I mean — I am a peaceable man, and have kept a respectable house, ’ (here the landlord used his pocket-handkerchief upon his face, which was teeming and exuding from every pore agonizing drops,) while Mr. Pim sat musing upon the crackling wood, with an occasional sharp glance upon his

victim, while his cigar gave slight symptoms of ignition between his fingers, in small spiral columns of blue smoke.

'Well, Sir, this is satisfactory.'

'Your question yesterday —'

'Ah! yes — for a thorough-bred ruffian — I have made other arrangements — much obliged, Mr. Wype,' (sternly.)

'Oh! — other arrangements, Mr. Pim?' while a paleness stole over and settled upon Prior Wype's face.

'Yes, Sir — decidedly — and in consequence, shall be obliged to leave in the mid-night coach.'

'LORD have mercy!' and Prior Wype fell upon his knees; 'Mr. Pim, you have ruined me!'

'How is this, Sir Landlord? What do you mean? Have you not received your full tale of all charges? Do I still owe you? Have I begged, borrowed, or stolen from you?'

'No — no,' whispered Wype; 'but the black deed you have done! Oh! how could you make my house such a resort?'

'Now, Mr. Wype, rise; have done with this weakness. Very likely I owe you an apology; but, Sir, what is done, is done. Now, Sir, I leave to-night, and have ordered Sam to prepare my luggage; but I am willing, and *will* give you ample satisfaction. You will please give notice to your Selectmen to meet me here in my room in one hour.'

Landlord Wype raised his head, body, and legs, and there was an animate, silent happiness in them all, as he moved to the door. It was opened and closed upon the reviving proprietor.

Mr. Pim sat down; a hearty yet silent cachinnation troubled him, until tears filled his eyes. After a space of some minutes, he rang the bell.

'Yes, Sah!'

'Come in. Sam, when I ring again, be on hand.'

'Yes, Sah — yah — y —'

'Entire silence — you can go.'

The village clock clanged nine — the hour when Prior Wype and the three wise men were to receive the great secret.

Mr. Pim heard the opening and shutting of doors, and confused voices below. He imagined the meaning. Wicked to the last, he again made other arrangements, and was pacing the room with a troubled look, as he was summoned to the door. He opened it but partially, to see the panting host, well backed by sturdy yeomen — not three but six.

'Ah! Mr. Wype; you will pardon me, but I find I am necessarily blocked, for the present. I have letters to write, and papers to fill out, and you will kindly excuse me, until eleven; I shall then be ready, and will ring my bell.'

Hard breathing and suppressed whispers filled the hall; but they faded with the dark objects who went below, headed by Prior Wype, and seating themselves before the fire, opened dark and mysterious converse *vs.* Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B.

Number One favored burglary.

Number Two suggested a spy.

Number Three spoke of revenge, as the object.

Number Four agitated abduction of Sam.

Number Five, elopement with some young lady.

Number Six, madness. But Prior Wype argued murder, in the first degree.

All were harmonious in suspecting *something*, and *that* something was feared to be highly criminal. The postponement of the meeting was ably discussed, and means resorted to whereby the victim should not escape them. Two were placed beneath the windows of Mr. Pim's room; these were armed with clubs. Two in the upper hall, and two at the entrance; while Prior Wype was by turns visiting all, and supplying them with *the fortiter in re*, by carrying hot toddies, and assuring them of his hearty coöperation in the event of a struggle.

The clock clanged again; it was ten. Mr. Pim was napping it, in view of a night's ride. The sentinels were still on guard; but one outside was found dozing upon his post — supposed to be from hot pocalents.

Mr. Pim sprang up, rubbed his eyes, and looked at his watch, as the musical peal of the clock chimed the hour. Snuffing his candles, and poking the fire, he rang his bell, and was busy stowing away papers, as the valiant Falstaffian committee entered. There was no lack of courtesy on the part of Mr. Pim, but his visitors were very mute, and even Prior Wype showed unmistakable evidences of a mutiny, made courageous by his numerous police.

And now, Mr. Pim having seated the committee, stepped aside and opened the meeting.

'Gentlemen, I dare say I address those who are invested with public power. You are called upon by your friend Mr. Wype, to stand godfather to the secret which is about having its birth. Circumstances render it imperative that I should be brief in my explanations, as I must leave in the mid-night coach, and have arranged accordingly. Gentlemen! instigated by humane impulses, and for the mitigation of Mr. Wype's feelings — and, farther, for your own benefit — I have inconvenienced myself much, in allowing myself to be thus publicly discussed. Gentlemen! it would be, and, in fact, *is*, quite unnecessary for me to appellate myself a modest person — but I am. I have never sought notoriety. I have never accepted office, from the fact, I never had it offered; but presuming it *might* be, I'll assure you, gentlemen, I should not even then accept, unless it *paid* well. I premise thus far, to convince you my intentions are generous, without egotism or vanity.

'I am the son of a poor clergyman, and was educated very strictly.' (Evident sensation, Prior Wype hitching his chair nearer to his right-hand man, and whispering.) 'At the age of eighteen, I left home: on my departure, my father called me into his study, to give me his last benediction and counsel. I well remember his serious aspect, gentlemen, as also his sage advice. To tell you all, would scarcely be proper; but in finishing, he gave me a letter, to be read once a month; and as I seated myself in the coach, he waved his hand to the driver,

and approaching the window, said, low but distinctly: 'Paul, remember the initials you will find in your letter—M.O.M.O.B.,' and bowing, he withdrew, and I rolled on. I need not say—but will—time has gathered that venerable man to his fathers, and he is at rest. But with him was not buried his advice. However far I have strayed from his righteous ways, I have conscientiously clung to the memorable initials, and which now stand upon the book below. It has always created some surprise—and more talk; but this I pass over, knowing human nature is extremely meddlesome—highly illustrated in the present case. I have seen it has made Mr. Wype unhappy, who evidently has vaccinated you all with the true virus; and I fear the disease is prevailing much in your village. I am the cause, no doubt, gentlemen; I regret, exceedingly, to be aware of this fact; but it cannot be avoided. Yet there is always a physician at hand, and as I have been the cause, so I can be the cure.'

At this interesting juncture, the sound of distant wheels came upon Mr. Pim's ears. He stepped to the door.

'Sam! is my luggage all ready?'

'Yes, Sah.'

'Gentlemen! I will no longer detain you: M.O.M.O.B., when filled out properly, reads, and emphatically means: *Master of my own Business!* Gentlemen, good-evening!'

There was but one sound heard distinctly, and that emanated from the immense cavern of Sam's jaws. It was, Yah wah! Yah chee! Yah hoo!

The horn sounded without, and Mr. Pim, attended to the coach by faithful Sam, closed it against him, Prior Wype, his wise police, and the quiet villager, forever.

LINES: ON A PICTURE OF LEDA.

BY JOHN B. KEASBEY, M.D.

AH! LEDA! frail one, thou art fair:
 Thy floating locks of golden hair,
 Like waves upon some dancing run,
 When kissed by rays of setting sun,
 In falling gild thy bust below,
 As downward they in masses flow.
 Thy eyes with passion's fire that glow,
 Are wet by melting of the snow
 Of thy eye-lids, so pearly white,
 Which, drooping, hide nigh half the light
 That beams from out thy azure eyes,
 Like stars that shine from misty skies.
 Thy form with peerless beauty teems,
 Like those we see in fairy dreams,
 When Fancy, freed from earthly chains,
 Roams wildly free Elysian plains.

Well might the great immortal Jove,
 When o'er thy unveiled form did rove
 His burning gaze, ay, instantly
 Desert a throne and heaven for thee:
 And as a swan he sought thy arms,
 To revel 'mid thy luring charms.
 Like foam upon the wild wave's crest,
 So he upon thy billowy breast
 In triumph rode. The deed was done,
 And weeping Nature veiled the sun.
 LEDA, farewell! stars bright as thou
 Have fallen swiftly from the brow
 Of queenly Night, and left no trace,
 Not even of their burial-place;
 While thou, only a myth, a shade,
 Hast been by bards immortal made.

A U T U M N S O N G .

FROM THE GERMAN OF LENA U .

BY AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON.

I.

YES, yes, ye noisy ravens,
 High in the morning gloom,
 Again is Autumn dying,
 Ye flutter round the tomb !

II.

All leafless are the bowers,
 The empty nests we see ;
 The meads have lost their flowers,
 O short, sad jubilee !

III.

I'm wandering and gazing
 Into this troubled sea ;
 I am alone and freezing,
 And listening to thee.

IV.

To me, too, it is Autumn,
 And up the mount I wear
 The load of withered branches
 That life gave me to bear.

V.

Bright flowers once were springing
 From out the mighty sheaf,
 And fairy songs were ringing
 In tune with every leaf.

VI.

The burden ever bearing,
 I patiently must wait :
 To mourn departed pleasures
 Is Autumn's mournful fate.

VII.

Shall I forbear all others,
 And with the twigs content,
 My winter's fire kindle ;
 Oh ! say, is 't this ye meant ?

VIII.

Remembrances but sharpen
 For me the winter's wo :
 Ah ! me, 't were better far to toss
 My bundle in the snow.

Brooklyn, Oct., 1857

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

GUY LIVINGSTONE: OR 'THOROUGH.' Ich habe gelebt und geliebt. In one Volume pp. 487. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

YEARS ago we remember having been dreadfully bored with the constantly-recurring question: 'Have you read Mr. S——'s Travels?' It was a very pleasant work; and yet it was a sort of conversational aperient, much resorted to by young ladies with a taste for modern light literature. We always answered 'No;' and were thereupon assured 'that there was a rich treat in store for us.' With great self-denial, we are still reserving this pleasure for some future day. Is it a spirit of perversity that makes us all dislike beforehand a book which every one is praising? — or is it not, rather, the conviction that in literature, at least, the judgment of the people is not an infallible criterion of what will suit us? There are books which, having read and highly enjoyed, we have ventured to commend to a friend, only to have the satisfaction of seeing him yawn over this, and swear at that. We once asked an acquaintance to read 'EMERSON'S English Traits;' since that he doesn't consider our most elaborate and well-considered critical opinion of a book 'worth a bottle of Congress-water.' After many such failures and rebuffs, we prefer to give our readers such an idea of a new book, by quotations from it, as will enable him to judge of it for himself, while we are as well satisfied as ever of the correctness of our critical acumen.

The author of '*Guy Livingstone*,' who calls himself FRANK CAREW, we take to be an old acquaintance under a new name. The book opens with his entrance into a large English school. GUY LIVINGSTONE is the hero of the school: 'He was about fifteen,' says our author, 'but looked fully a year older, not only from his height, but from a disproportionate length of limb and development of muscle; which ripened, later, into the rarest union of activity and strength I have ever known. When FRANK enters the school-grounds GUY notices him, and says to the boys gathering around him: 'Do n't bully him more than you can help, fellows.'" This interference in his behalf coming from the 'Count,' as GUY was called, has the effect intended, and FRANK is left unmolested. FRANK and GUY are soon sworn

friends. At the ripe age of seventeen GUY's estimate of the weaker sex, says his biographer, was nearly identical with that formed by the learned lady; who to the question, 'Did she think the virtue of any single one of her sisterhood impregnable?' replied '*C'est selon.*' This opinion, among others of questionable morality, he had 'imbibed sitting at the feet of his evil GAMALIEL,' Sir HENRY FALLOWFIELD.

GUY LIVINGSTONE goes up to Oxford at the age of seventeen, and thither, six months afterward, the author follows him. 'GUY's favorite pursuit was 'hunting;' but he threw off the superfluity of his animal energies in all sorts of athletics; in sparring especially, he attained rare excellence; so well known was it, indeed, that he passed his first year without striking a blow in anger, through default of an antagonist, except a chance one or two exchanged in the *melée*, which is imperative on the fifth of November.'

We have the following glimpses of some of CAREW's college-acquaintances; of 'WARRENORE, too good for the men he lived with, a DAVID in our camp of Kedar; a LAUNCELOT in his devotion to womankind; a GALAHAD in purity of thought and purpose. I have never known a man of the world so single-hearted, or a saint with so much *savoir vivre.*' 'LOVELL, with his frank look and cheery laugh, the model of a stalwart English squirehood; and PETRE, equal to either fortune in reverse or success; calm and impassible as ATHOS, the mousquetaire; regarding money simply as a circulating medium,' ruining himself like a prince. 'He edified us greatly on one occasion by meeting his justly-offended father with a stern politeness, declining to hold any communication with him by word or letter till he (the sire) could express himself in a more Christian spirit.' 'And true TOM LYNTON, not clever, not even high-bred, but loved by every one for the honestest and kindest heart that ever was the kernel of a rough rind.' At a supper where the fathers of England were being discussed, 'and every one had a stone to throw at his ruling officer, TOM, who, though his own sire was an austere man, could not bear to hear the absent run down, broke in with, 'Well, gentlemen, remember they're our *fellow-creatures*, at all events.''

At Oxford GUY LIVINGSTONE rescues his friend CAREW from the hands of the police; an awkward 'fix,' in which accident, not guilt, has placed him. CAREW 'hears something pass his cheek like the wind of a ball, and the policeman's grasp on his neck is relaxed all at once;' and he is at liberty. As the heroines of the RADCLIFFE school of romances say: 'I turned to thank my preserver — but he was gone.' 'In spite of Peace-Societies, and homilies against the brutal sports of the ring, there is something in a fair stand-up fight, with only the weapons provided by Nature for our self-defence, that enlists the sympathies of every manly Saxon heart;' but for lack of room, we shall refrain from quoting the description of the desperate encounter in which this gallant rescue involved our hero: his antagonist being 'the third best man in England,' and out of which he came victorious — of course. CHARLIE FORRESTER, whose golden rule was the Arabic maxim, *Agitel lil Shaitan*, 'Hurry is the devil's,' is a prominent character in the book. We allude to him only to show how he made himself famous: 'It was at a pic-nic at Cliefden, CHARLIE was hardly nineteen, and had just joined the — th Lancers of Hounslow; he wandered away and got lost

with KATE HARCOURT, a self-possessed beauty, in high condition for flirting; for she had had three seasons of hard training. When they had been away from their party about two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of her situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. 'Well, I hardly know,' FORRESTER answered languidly; 'but I don't mind proposing, if that will do you any good.'

'A fair performance for an untried colt, was it not? Miss HARCOURT thought so, and said so, and CHARLEY woke next morning with an established reputation.'

The author of this book (and we venture to 'guess' that our old friend and long-time correspondent, CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED is the man) has evidently given some of his many pleasant days and nights to the study of THACKERAY. How like HENRY ESMOND is the following *apropos* to the poor curate, who is led on by GUY and the author, to propose to ISABEL RAYMOND:

'WHAT right had we to make of that man a puppet for our amusement, because he was shy and stupid and slow? He was as true in his devotion, as honorable in all his wishes, as confident in all his hopes till they were blasted, as any one that has gone wooing since the first whisper of love was heard in Eden. If his despair was less crushing than that of other men, it was because his principles were stronger to endure, and, perhaps, because his temperament was more tranquil and cold. As I have said, *he did his day's work thoroughly*, (think of this, sentimental youths, who pine for something out of your reach,) and that helped him a good deal. Let us not trust too much to the absence of feeling in these seemingly impassive organizations. I wonder how often the executors of old college fellows, or of hard-faced bankers and bureaucrats, have been aggravated by finding in that most secret drawer, which ought to have held a codicil or a jewel, a tress, or a glove, or a flower? Perhaps the dead miser valued it above all his bank-stock, and kissed it oftener than he did his living and lawful wife and children. What is it worth now? Say, as the grim Dean of St. Patrick wrote on his love-token: 'Only a woman's hair.'

The introduction of FLORA BELLASYS—GUY'S CIRCE—the black cat on his shoulder, is a good specimen of the author's playful vein:

'CHARLEY FORRESTER, FRANK CAREW, and GUY LIVINGSTONE are riding to Brainswick to a 'meet of the hounds.' 'By-the-by,' GUY observed, as we were driving over in his mail phaeton, 'I wonder if we shall see the BELLASYS to-night? I know they were to come down about this time. Steady, old wench! where are you off to? (This to the near-wheeler, who was breaking her trot.) I think you'll admire her, FRANK; but *gare à vous*, she is dangerous. Eh, CHARLEY?'

'Well, you ought to know,' answered FORRESTER, 'I never tried her much myself. She's two or three stone over my weight. I wonder what she has been doing lately? They sent her down to rusticate somewhere at the end of the season. She ought to be in good condition now with a summer's run.'

'LIVINGSTONE smiled complacently, as I thought, as if some one had praised one of his favorite hunters, but did not pursue the subject. When I came down to dinner, he was talking to a lady in dark-blue silk, with black lace over it, a wreath curiously plaited of natural ivy in her hair. I guessed her at once to be FLORA BELLASYS. She was the handsomest brunette I had ever seen. For some time they talked nothing but common-places, evidently feeling each other's foils. The real fencing began with a question from FLORA, if he was not surprised at seeing her there that evening.

'Not at all,' was the reply. 'I knew we must meet before long. It is only parallels that don't, and there is very little of the right line about either you or me.'

'Speak for yourself,' Miss BELLASYS said; 'I consider that a very rude observation.'

'Pardon me,' retorted GUY; 'I seldom say rude things, never intentionally. I don't know which is in worst taste, that or point-blank compliments. Without being mathematical, you may have heard that the line of beauty is a curve.'

'FLORA laughed: 'It is difficult to catch you. What have you been doing since we parted?'

'That is just the question which was on my lips, so nearly uttered, that I consider that I spoke first. Now will you confess, or must I cross-question some one else? I will know. It is easy to follow you, like an invading army, by a trail of devastation.'

"So you do care to know," the soft voice said, that could make the nerves of even an indifferent hearer thrill and quiver strangely. After listening to it, it was very easy to believe the weird stories of Norse sorceresses and German wood-spirits and nixies, luring men to death by their fatally musical tones.

"Simple curiosity," GUY replied coolly, "and a little compassion for your victims. They might be friends of mine, you know."

FLORA: "The dead tell no tales."

"No, but the wounded do, and they cry out pretty loudly sometimes. I suppose all the cases did not terminate fatally. Will you confess?"

"I have nothing to tell you," FLORA said very demurely and meekly, only for once her eyes betrayed her. "Mamma took me down into Devonshire, where we have an aunt or two, for sea-breezes and seclusion. I rather liked, at first, having nothing—yes, I understand—really nothing to think about. I used to sleep a great deal, and then drive a little obstinate pony, to see views. But I don't care much about views, do you? Then mamma was always wanting me to help her look for shells and wild-flowers; and the rocks hurt my feet, and the bushes never would leave me alone in the woods." She shuddered slightly here.

"The BUSHES! a Devonshire family of that name, I presume?" GUY interrupted with intense gravity. "How wrong of them! They are very ill-regulated young men, down in those parts, I believe."

"Don't be absurd; I never saw a creature, for months, between fifteen and fifty. Are not those ages safe?" (A shake of the head from LIVINGSTONE.) "I began to be very unhappy; I had no one to tease; my aunts are too good-natured, and mamma is used to it. At last I had the greatest mind to do something desperate—to write to you, for instance—merely to see the household's horror when your answer came. You would have answered, would you not? I should not have opened it, you know, but given it to mamma, like a good child."

"Of course; I know you show all your letters to your mother. But that ruralizing must have been fearful for you, *poverina!* People were talking a good deal of agricultural distress, but this is the most piteous case I've heard of. So there were really no men to govern in that wood?"

"Not even a little boy," said FLORA decisively. "There were two or three from Oxford in the neighborhood; I used to see them sitting outside their lodgings in the sun, like rabbits, but they always ran in before —"

"Before you could get a shot at them, you mean!" broke in GUY; "you ought to have crept up and stalked them cleverly."

FLORA threw back her handsome head. "I don't war with children. It went on just as I tell you till we left for our round of winter visits, which have been very stupid and correct, till now." I hardly heard the last two words, she spoke them so low. There was silence for several minutes, and then GUY leaned back to address me:

"Do you remember ARTHUR DARRELL, of Christ-church, FRANK, the man that used to speak at the Union, and was always raving about ebony locks and dark eyes?"

"I remember him well. I have not seen him for years; but I heard he was getting on well in the law."

"He'll have time to get tired of brunettes, if any one ever *does* get tired of them, before he comes back," said GUY. "He's just gone out to try the Indian bar."

"What could have put such an idea into his head?" I asked very innocently.

"I can't say," was the reply. "Men do take such curious fancies. It was a sudden determination, I believe. The beauties of the Eastern hemisphere began to develop themselves to his weak mind last summer, while he was down with his people in—Devonshire."

FLORA sees she is detected, but is quite unembarrassed, and simply puts on the look of one of those excellent people who 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.'

After all, this is a mere flirtation—although FLORA seems to love GUY as well as such a born flirt can love—and GUY's engagement with CONSTANCE BRANDON is soon announced. FLORA is the DELILAH who comes between him and his chance of domestic happiness with CONSTANCE. GUY and CONSTANCE part—she in sorrow and he in anger—and GUY's wanderings commence. From Paris he is recalled to the dying CONSTANCE. (A previous letter from CONSTANCE, asking his return, is intercepted by FLORA.) They are reconciled, and CONSTANCE dies—happy.

After the death of CONSTANCE, FLORA tries once more the effect of her

blandishments upon GUY, and finds him adamant. She tries to win from him one kind word to take with her, at parting. 'At least,' she says, 'in memory of the past, will you not say you wish me well?' Inexorable as fate, GUY replies: 'I remember nothing of the past except your last act, (the suppression of CONSTANCE's letter,) for which I will never, never forgive you. I form no wish for your welfare, or the reverse. There shall not stand the faintest shadow of a connecting-link that I can break asunder. Between you and me there is the gulf of a fresh-made grave, and no thought of mine shall ever cross it. So help me God in heaven!'

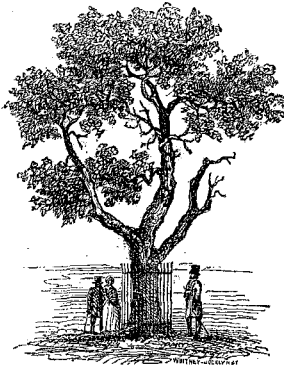
This the author considers too severe; but we cannot help thinking that it was simple yet tardy justice to CONSTANCE BRANDON and to — himself. The book is written throughout in a spirited and pleasing style. The morals of the author are probably those of a man of the world. Evidently a gentleman and scholar, and master of a dozen different languages, he does not always perhaps take sufficient pains to conceal these facts from his readers. Our knowledge of the classics having grown somewhat rusty from disuse, we have no hesitation in saying, that while reading 'Thorough,' we found a copy of 'ANTHON'S LEMPRIERE,' (from the press of the same enterprising publishers, by the way,) an excellent thing to have in the house.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Selected and edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT; with English and American Additions, arranged by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. Illustrated by One Hundred and Thirty-two Engravings. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS sumptuous volume comprises selections from the choicest productions of more than a hundred of the foremost poets of the century, profusely illustrated by a score or so of the most eminent artists of the day. The skill of the engraver and printer, aided by the clearest of type and the daintiest of cream-colored paper, has been tasked to render the casket worthy of the treasures of Poetry and Art which it enshrines. The English editor confines his selections to the works of his own countrymen. This we cannot regret, since it left the field of American Poetry and Art open for the discriminating taste and ample knowledge of Mr. DUYCKINCK. The additions of the American editor make up a third of the bulk, and fully as large a proportion of the poetical and artistic worth of the book. Every one knows that DANA and BRYANT, HALLECK and LONGFELLOW and WHITTIER have written some of the most exquisite poetry of the century; this volume shows that we have artists, also, who may fairly claim a place by the side of the best in England. BIRKET FOSTER's landscapes, of which this volume contains a score, do not, in grace of conception and delicacy of handling, excel those of our countryman HILL. DARLEY's illustrations for HOLMES's 'Lines on Lending a Punch-Bowl' and for BRYANT's 'Song of Marion's Men,' are fully equal to those of GILBERT for LONGFELLOW's 'Drinking Horn' and CAMPBELL's 'Hohenlinden;,' while his 'Connecticut Schoolmaster' and 'SAINT NICHOLAS' are in their way altogether unequalled.

by the contribution to this volume of any English artist. As a book for the holidays and for all days; an ornament to the parlor-table, or the library shelf; an incentive to quiet thought or cheerful talk, it will be long before we shall have another volume to equal this.

THE KNICKERBOCKER'S ADDRESS TO THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE: Respectfully dedicated to the KNICKERBOCKERS of Manhattan Island. By HENRY WEBB DUNSHEN.



THIS clever poem was read by Hon. JAMES W. BEEKMAN before the Saint NICHOLAS Society, at its Anniversary, December 6, 1856, although it has but recently been published. It was most cordially received when read, and deservedly so: for it is full of the true KNICKERBOCKER feeling, while the execution is appropriately simple, free, and flowing. We annex an extended apostrophic passage, which, while it is scarcely a fair exemplification of the character of the entire poem, will yet afford the reader some idea of the felicity

of the whole performance :

- 'Thou saw'st when the Usurper came, the Nation to despoil,
Of the dominion exercised upon her rightful soil:
Thou saw'st the throng that gathered round to carry to the grave,
Thy lord, the last Dutch Governor — the honest and the brave:
- 'When LEISLER ruled, who died by fraud — when KIDD the rover sailed;
And when the negroes at the stake in direful accents wailed;
When infant Liberty assayed to seek her just redress,
And ZENGER gained for after-times the Freedom of the Press:
- 'When the bold Sons of Liberty the people's cause espoused,
Destroyed the tea, contemned the stamps, and patriot zeal aroused;
When Tories fled clandestinely, suspicious of the day,
And laurels crowned The Hundred on the shores of Deutel Bay.
- 'Perchance thou saw'st the patriot band, with dauntless Captain SEARS,
Who with his lead, triumphant rode, amid the people's cheers:
Or gav'st thy fruit to please the taste of CLINTON and his corps,
Who ruled, where British power will rule, triumphant, nevermore.
- 'For 't was thy glory to behold, (the conflict nobly won.)
The entry of that noble band, led on by WASHINGTON;
When the sad sighs from Wallabout were hushed by the applause
Which filled the sky above the land where triumphed Freedom's cause.
- 'How vast the changes Time has wrought in this thy island home:
The handful has become a world, to which th' oppressed may come:
The rivulet, once pure and small, is now the turbid stream;
Then, Nature ruled all absolute, but Art is now supreme.
- 'Could'st thou but speak, I'd question put, concerning him of yore,
Who prized thee, ere he brought thee from his distant, native shore;

Who nurtured thee so carefully, till thou hadst taken root,
And then reclined beneath thy shade, while feasting on thy fruit.

'Famed trees there are in other lands, revered in hoary age,
To which the traveller fondly turns upon his pilgrimage:
While gazing on their stately forms, his thoughts are backward cast,
And though he breathes the present age, he lives within the Past.

'Thus to thy shrine, thou ancient tree, will KNICKERBOCKERS hie;
And standing on their native soil, beneath their native sky,
In contemplative mood recall those names of sterling worth,
Through whom they trace their ancestry — the Noble Men of earth.

'Famed less for show than solid parts; of staid, reflecting mind;
Famed less for vain than useful arts; magnanimous and kind;
Respected and beloved at home, feared and admired abroad;
True to a fault with fellow man, and faithful to their God.

'Each year we see thy goodly boughs adorned with mellow fruit,
Proclaiming to the world that thou hast still a living root:
Thus may the branches of the stock renowned on history's page,
Bring forth the fruits of sterling worth through every passing age.'

The cut which stands at the head of this notice is an accurate representation of the 'STUYVESANT Pear-Tree.' We have passed the original five hundred and sixty-two times and a half, and ought to know.

STEAM AND THE WIRE: A RETROSPECT. By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LANGFORD: a Pamphlet Poem. Calcutta, India: J. F. BELLAMY, 'ENGLISHMAN'S PRESS: 1857.

JUST look at this: here comes, in a single night's parcel from town to our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' on the Hudson, a letter from a correspondent who writes from 'where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings;' another from Melbourne, Australia, written by a concert-giving friend, ('S. C. M.,') who 'means yet to sing in Jerusalem,' and who, we believe, *has* sung every where else; and 'thirdly and lastly,' the above-entitled poem, which has borne our name on its envelope, by the over-land mail, from Calcutta in India, *via* England, to our pleasant sanctum, this frosty, star-shiny, moon-lighted, bracing, crispy December night! Come to think of it, very divergent seem the sources when were derive these friendly missives.

The patronymic of the author of '*Steam and the Wire*' should indicate an American pen: but we mainly doubt. From certain internal evidence, we judge Mr. LANGFORD to be an Englishman. In a well-written dedication of his little poem to Professor MORSE, the author takes occasion to say:

'To whom could I better inscribe such a production as the following then, than the man who, under the auspices of a powerful and liberal Government, has been the instrument for conferring such inestimable benefits upon science in general, and that of his own land in particular? Much as I could say upon the subject here, I dare not do so, lest the words of my dedication alone should overshadow the gift, and I be accused of placing as it were, a ponderous head upon a pigmy frame. Suffice it to say that I, and those who surround me, are no strangers to the unrivalled success which has attended all your endeavors to improve the working of the *Electric Telegraph*. It is with this knowledge, that I venture to beg your acceptance of the following very imperfect summary of 'Progress,' ancient and modern, in anticipation of those gigantic undertak-

ings which are destined to make the depths of the Ocean the 'highway' for thought and language, even as its surface has been for ages past the highway for the commerce of the world; undertakings which are about to re-people regions rendered desolate of old by the wrath of an avenging God, and roll back from those channels the semi-barbarian tide which so long has flooded them, restoring that light and learning which first existed there, was expelled, but taking refuge in Europe, assumed that degree of strength which enables the same Europe to return it now four-fold.'

It will be conceded, we think, by most readers, that the poem opens finely :

'WHEN, on SINAI's sacred crest, 'mid clouds and smoke descending,
JEHOVAH stood, and lightnings poured, the Heavens with thunders rending;
Then shook the hill, and feared the host, and trembled as they gazed
Upon the clouds which girt His form — the fire that round HIM blazed:
While loud the trumpet's tongue proclaimed to wandering ISRAEL's host,
Obedience to the voice of HIM who led them forth when lost.

'Ere yet they murmured at HIS will, ere yet their hearts had warmed
To baser deeds and worthless gods by mortal fingers formed:
Ere they forgot the moving cloud which guided them by day,
The fiery pillar of the night, which lit them on their way:
The manna in the wilderness, the water from the rock,
The havoc poured on PHARAOH's host — the closing water's shock!

'Then were the rich lands tenantless, the valleys and the hills,
Where Europe slept in silence, with her forests and her rills:
Columbia's verdure went and came: her foliage and flowers
Bloomed, withered, died, and mouldered on, 'mid sun and storm and showers:
The wild beast roared in solitude, while flashing on the night,
The bright Aurora of the Pole, as *now* displayed its light!

'No human eye to gaze on them — no tongue to murmur joy,
No bark upon the silent lakes, nor weapon to destroy:
Save in the withered woods alone, where flashing bolts from Heaven
Uplit the scene, and poured the fire, amid the branches riven.
Then with no human eye to gaze, the forests blazed on high,
And prairies clad in lurid flame, towered threatening to the sky.

'Then was the Ocean desolate, e'en as it was of old,
When by HIS will, primeval waves from Night and Chaos rolled!
And harmless tempests swept along, ere Commerce yet had birth,
Or War had stretched her ruthless arm, save on the solid earth:
And Europe's rivers slept in peace, as yet untinged with gore,
Save that of beasts which drank and fought, and perished on the shore.'

The birth and progress of COMMERCE, and LETTERS, and the ARTS, are well set forth, and vividly contrasted: the first, wafting to-and-fro over God's wide-spread and widely-divergent seas the riches of the earth: the second, filling the minds of men with the great thoughts of *other* men, created in HIS image, and long ago departed: the third, filling the imagination with the marvels of ARCHITECTURE, which Greece and Rome have perpetuated to our time: which TIME itself, changes of empires, earthquakes, and all convulsions of Nature, have not to this day overthrown: PAINTING, with its COLOUR, 'the best and most glorious gift of our Bountiful BENEFACITOR:' SCULPTURE, in which the limbs of BEAUTY, 'the smiles that dwell upon her lip, of pleasure or of disdain,' are frozen in 'marble immortal,' till the fires that are to consume the world shall melt them with fervent heat: all these are well depicted and enforced. There are instances of affected similes and of bad taste, which one relucts to encounter in juxtaposition with so much that is poetically conceived and harmoniously executed. Take the annexed

stanza, for example, which could not be complained of by any body of proper taste and discernment :

'THE aspect of the Frozen Poles remains unbroken still;
As when in earth's first infancy, 't was frozen by His will:
Bleak, barren, cold, and desolate, still looms the sea-lashed shore,
The snow-clad rocks — the shrubless soil, which stretch from Labrador.
While bleaching on the icy plains the wanderer's bones now rest,
Who dared to strive with Nature's powers, and perished there unblest!'

It is hardly possible to conceive, and yet the fact is so, that in the very next verse our poet depicts a reflective, pensive porpoise, looking at the 'smoke, and sparks, and flame' of one of COLLINS's steamers, 'at midnight's dreary hour,' with infinite disgust. Likely as not. There is a shoal of them, 'all in a row, that roll as they go,' at this moment, reflecting the December sun on their brown backs, tumbling through the Tappaan Zee toward Haverstraw-Bay, where they will be 'hull-down' the 'hull' of 'em, before this hasteful and imperfect notice is finished. Talk of a reflective, pensive porpoise! He *has* some openness when he smiles, yet he is a melancholy-looking fish: but to a man of true feeling and accurate observation of nature, a porpoise seems a good deal of a hog. How much better is the following: it seems scarcely credible that the lines should have proceeded from the same pen:

'THE islands are not tenantless — amid their groves are heard
The voice of man, the engine's stroke, and not the beast and bird;
From shore to shore, the white steam wafts the riches of the soil,
Gems taken from the hidden mine — a conquered nation's spoil!
Red piracy is overcome, and hushed the wretch's scream,
Which oft arose ere yet was known the triumph of the Steam!

'Columbia is not desert now, man's engines too are there;
Unceasingly, unwearily, their sounds are in the air;
And there, as on old Europe's soil, is placed the magic Wire,
Which, quivering sends a thousand miles, swift as Electric fire,
The plans of man, whate'er they be, for Commerce, War, or Crime,
Death — Famine, on the silent string, flash on from clime to clime!

'Beneath the bosom of the deep, Ideas flash along,
A triumph of the mind untold in Prophecy or Song!
And monsters of its cozy bed along the cable glide,
While silently the words of man are quivering by their side!
Along Newfoundland's misty coast the towering icebergs roll,
And language flashes through the sea, 'neath fragments from the Pole!

'O'er swamp and forest, sand and soil, still glideth silent Thought,
And travelling through Columbia's streams, sets rain and storm at naught;
Upon the arid plains of Ind, her streams and jungles o'er,
While murder shrieks upon the blast, and prowling tigers roar,
Birds lighting on the magic cord, know not the electric fire,
Which gliding through their claws proclaims the triumph of the Wire!'

And with this passage, we dart electrically from the 'Wire,' and shall proceed — it being just the time — to take a single glass of Mr. SPARROW-GRASS's 'Imperial Pale' Sherry, in conjunction with two large Boston crackers, splitted and well buttered, and eke a piece of fine mild '*Old English Cheese*,' which can only be obtained at *one* house in New-York — and that house has never been named in these pages. For the supply is never large, nor *can* it be. '*Customers*' are the fortunate ones: '*patronage*,' *beyond* supply, is not desired.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AT SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, April 23, 1857:
Pp. 104. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY: St. Louis: JOHN HALSALL AND
COMPANY.

It is but recently that we had occasion to speak of, and liberally to quote from, Mr. EVERETT's Address at the inauguration of the *Dudley Observatory*, at Albany; that noble monument, which is destined to bear the name of its founder far beyond the records of the 'imperishable marble' and the 'storied urn': it will henceforth be one of the 'fixed stars' of our noble Empire State. A report of the Address before us appeared in the columns of our daily press; but the present transcript is from the author's own hand: varying in nothing from what had been reported so correctly, save in a few verbal emendations: which fact leads us to say, in passing, that we this last summer heard an eloquent clergyman (whose discourse was reported for our journals in May or June last) remark, that there was not in Europe a corps of reporters, parliamentary or otherwise, who exceeded in intelligence, in dispatch, in *the literary skill to make a man with good thoughts speak his thoughts in good words*, the reporters for the daily press of the city of New-York. This we believe: *but*, in the white paper, the clear, bold type of the pamphlet before us, we have an added inducement not to lay down a distinguished literary effort like this, until we have studiously 'completed' it, from beginning to end. We ask attention to the subjoined passages:

'It has already been a source to me of the highest gratification. I feel as if my conceptions of our common country had, in a brief space of time, been mightily enlarged. It is, of course, impossible to form an adequate idea of an extensive region, so distinctly in any other way, as by traversing it, and inspecting it in person. We may read the most minute descriptions; we may add up columns of statistical figures; we may get the boundaries and the list of counties by heart in manuals of geography; we may have at our fingers' ends tables of population, of the productions of the mine, the forest, and the field, of the number of natives, and the number of foreigners, and of the children between four and sixteen; but all this minute knowledge, though useful in its place, does not give a vivid idea of an immensely extensive and rapidly growing country. It is only when on board one of these floating palaces, we have stretched along the sea-shore, or traversed the sound, the river, the lake; or, mounted on the fiery wheels of steam, have rushed through winding valley and mountain gorge; crossing ridge after ridge, and stream after stream; counting our progress by degrees of latitude and longitude; passing from tier to tier of prosperous States; from rivers that roll into the Atlantic amidst the icebergs of Labrador, to those which pour their steaming floods into the Gulf of Mexico: it is only after this actual traverse and survey of the mighty region — its cities, its towns, its hamlets; its boundless extent, its infinite variety of field, and mountain, and flood; its wide range of climate and of production, natural and artificial, the work of Providence and man; the whole joyous and all but bewildering scene animated with its swarming millions, that we can fully understand the natural features, the vast improvements, the rapid progress, the impending future of the Union.'

Few readers will fail to observe the great breadth, beauty, and force of the following:

'As I go back in imagination from the prosperous days in which we live, to the date of these early adventures; as I trace in retrospection the history of the country from its one-and-thirty States; its twenty-eight millions of population; its thousand prosperous cities, its towns and villages innumerable, bound together in a great political confederacy which belts the continent; its commercial tonnage already the largest which the ocean bears on its bosom; its network of railways and canals, not inferior to that of the most powerful states in Europe; the innumerable steamers that crowd its

interior waters; the immense contributions which it pours into the general markets of the world; its churches, colleges, and schools, and all the countless institutions in which Christian charity gathers the orphan families of want to her maternal arms; in a word, this world of physical, intellectual, and moral resource, development, and action; when from this magnificent contemplation I retrace the line of history through the vicissitudes of policy and war, from the Union to the Confederation, from the Confederation to the Revolution, from the Revolution to the yet acquiescent state of provincial allegiance, and backwards to the feeble youth and dependent infancy of the colonies; when I see how steadily, as I pass onward from generation to generation, this exuberant contemporary greatness converges and shrinks up into a narrow strip of provinces along the coast, a few small, ill-built towns on the sea-side and the great rivers, some hundreds of straggling cabins on the western slope of the Alleghenies, not one subject to English jurisdiction west of the Ohio and Mississippi a hundred years ago, a half-a-dozen block-houses and missionary stations belonging to France, in the seventeenth century, beyond these frontier streams, a border ringing with the war-whoop and gleaming with the scalp-knife, great solitary rivers, as yet without a name or a burden, hurrying with idle lapse to the sea; and at last the awful silence of the eternal forest; I feel as if I were following the Father of Waters from its mouth back to its source; tracing it from emporiums of the world's commerce on the seaboard, between populous States, and beneath the walls of towering cities, leaving successively its grand tributaries right and left; upward and backward from the alluvial delta to the pleasant vicissitude of hill and valley; ranging with its parallel windrows of driftwood in great bends through broad zones of latitude and longitude; now tumbling for miles over broken ledges, and anon bursting through basaltic gateways, or sweeping across rolling prairies; from climate to climate; from the burning tropic back to the Arctic glacier; from the land where the sultry breeze is scented with the orange and the myrtle, up to the region where the hemlock and the pine defy the northern blasts; turning the flank of mountain ridges and making deep cuts through central plateaus — narrower, shallower, purer as you ascend — a gentle current, a rippling stream, a purling brook, a silver thread; till at last all that is left of the mighty river, whose stupendous floods at its mouth wage equal war with the stormy ocean gulfs, lies sparkling in a cool moss-covered spring, fed by the trickling dews of the morning, enamelled with Alpine flowers, in the bosom of the lonely hills.

We have had somewhat to say recently in these pages, touching the late learned work of Mr. ELIAZER LORD, of Rockland, in respect of *Language*, and the cognate views of the Editor of the '*Princeton Review*' upon the same theme. The reader of those references will read with pleasure the annexed passage:

LANGUAGE is the great mystery of our being. By the use of a few written or printed lines on paper, so like each other, that, in languages with which we are unfamiliar, (witness a Malay or a Japanese manuscript) there seems scarce any difference between them; this unseen, intangible, mysterious mental essence, compared with which a perfume, a sound, a lunar rainbow is gross and material, expresses itself to the eye; by the gentle impulse, the soft vibrations, which the lips impart to the elastic air, it expresses itself to the ear. To give the spoken word duration, I translate it into written character; to give the written sign a vital emphasis, I translate it into vocal speech. By one divine art, the dead letter, charged with a living meaning, sounds through echoing halls, and wins or storms its way to sympathetic hearts; by another, the fleeting wavelets of the air are crystallized into a most marvellous permanence, and become imperishable gems of thought, whose lustre no lapse of time can obscure; while, by the union of both, this incomprehensible being, the mind, gently wooed from the vestal chambers of our inmost nature, comes forth like a bride adorned for her lordly spouse, the word; clad in the rich vesture of conversation, of argument, of eloquence, of poetry, of song; to walk with him the busy or the secluded paths of life; to instruct and delight the living generations; ethereal essences as they are, to outlive columns of brass and pyramids of granite; and to descend in eternal youth the unending high-ways of the ages.

We thought Mr. EVERETT's address at the State Fair at Buffalo somewhat too elaborate. It seemed to us what the painters call 'a crowded composition;' but the present effort is 'without overflowing, full.' Speaking, as Mr. EVERETT always does, from a full mind, it is perhaps difficult for him to repress the exuberance of his rich stores of information.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Festival of Saint Nicholas.



THE twenty-second annual dinner of the Saint NICHOLAS Society was celebrated with all its characteristic pomp and ceremonial, at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel, on Monday, December 7, 1857; the natal day of its patron Saint having, this year, fallen upon Sunday, 6th, a *dies non*. The imposing preliminary ceremony of the installation of the newly-elected President and officers occurred at 6½ P.M., when the high dignitaries were formally inducted into office, and instructed in the duties of their several departments by RICHARD E. MOUNT, Esq., in a most gracefully-playful and eloquent address. The President, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, having been invested with the insignia of office, (the tri-cornered cocked hat, and an embroidered collar of satin and gold, sustaining the silver badge of the order of Saint NICHOLAS,) then led the way into the banquetting hall, followed by the members of the Society, of whom about one hundred were in attendance. The dais was occupied by the President, having on his right Mr. J. WARD, of the Saint GEORGE'S Society, Dr. CHARLES MACKAY, Hon. A. BELMONT, Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, Governor of Kansas, Captain HUDSON, U. S. Navy, Hon. J. J. ROOSEVELT, and Ex-President J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN: on his left, Rev. Chaplains VERMILYE and JOHNSON, President NORRIE, of Saint ANDREW'S Society, O'GORMAN, of Saint PATRICK'S, BONNEY, of New-England Society, ZIMMERMAN, Consul for Netherlands, Hon. Judge STRONG, and Vice-President VAN WAGENEN. The two long tables were presided over by Vice-Presidents BRODHEAD and VAN WAGENEN, and were well filled by members. Before taking their seats, Rev. Chaplain JOHNSON was called upon to address the Throne of Grace, and ask a benediction upon the bounties set before us. It was a most comprehensive prayer, and embraced the whole human race, for all mankind are *our brethren*. The table was beautifully ornamented with a statue of St. NICHOLAS, Fort New Amsterdam, 1630, the Garrison-Preacher of Harlem, the Friesland Country Girl, the Miller of Helvoetsluize, Fontaine à la Haëg, Tulips of Saardam, ESMERALDA and her Goat, Temple of Athens, Scenes in Java, Pillar of Liberty, WILLEM of Oranien, and Memories de Surinam. The viands were of the choicest description, in the greatest variety and profusion, while the most excellent band of DODWORTH contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the evening.

After the proper interval for refreshment of the inner man, the PRESIDENT, having assumed the cocked hat, which, we must be allowed to remark, has never rested upon the brow of a more worthy representative of the old Dutch Dynasty, (he was the very impersonation and embodiment of the Burgomaster) rose and said:

'SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: I stand before you this day with mingled feelings of happiness and pride, of exultation and sorrow. Many years, (he went on to say,) had elapsed since he before occupied that chair, and he congratulated the Society upon its prosperity during the interval. He did not know how it was that he was now called upon to preside over the Society, in this present season of distress, as it had been his fortune to preside at the time of the former financial crisis. This country seemed to be visited every twenty years with periods of calamity like the present. He was called to the chair of the Society at the time of the financial crisis of 1837, and under his administration — he would not say that it was owing to his good management of the Saint NICHOLAS Society — the season of distress passed away, and prosperity succeeded. And he would undertake to say that this time too, under his administration, the dark clouds would pass away, and all would be brightness and sunshine. He felt like a CAMILLUS coming back to rule over them; like a CINCINNATUS reassuming the reins of government. He complimented the officers of the Society, the Stewards, all of whose names began with *Van*, were fitting men to be in the Van-Guard of the Society. The speaker alluded to the Ex-Presidents of the Society, who had so well filled the Chair which he occupied. He spoke touchingly of those of them who were deceased, Chancellor JONES, OGDEN HOFFMAN, STUYVESANT, and MANLY. He regarded Chancellor JONES as the greatest legal mind of his age, and HOFFMAN as a great orator, both in Congress and at the Bar. He then offered as a sentiment,

'THE EX-PRESIDENTS OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: Honor and reverence to the memory of the Dead, and honor and affection to the Living.'

The gilded effigy of the 'Bird of Saint NICHOLAS' was then brought in, and its head being duly turned to the eastward, to guard against the introduction of any catiff Yankee, the first regular toast was announced.

'1. SANTA CLAUS: *Gude Heilig Man*. Music: '*Old Hundred*.'

The whole company rising, then sang the following hymn, to the tune of '*Old Hundred*:'

'Let grown New-York its voice upraise
For him who in the by-gone days,
When we were merry, romping boys,
Brought to each child his Christmas toys.

'Of children's simple joys the head,
The children's bishop honored be;
True to his MASTER, who has said:
'Let little children come to Me.'

'And may New-Yorkers ne'er forget
The grace they in the children see:
Of all the outward graces yet
Most manly is simplicity.'

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March*.'

Which was then drank with all the honors.

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March*.'

'4. THE ARMY AND THE NAVY: Guardians of our Rights; Champions of our Honor. Music: '*Star Spangled Banner*.'

Captain HUDSON, U. S. N., responded briefly. He had not expected to be called upon; he was quite taken a-back; and a sailor never should be taken a-back. The Army and Navy were equally serviceable to the country when the country called

them to her aid. He thanked them for the honor done him, and hoped the Society would ever prosper.

'5. HOLLAND: Her history is her eulogy. Music: '*Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen.*'

HON. A. BELMONT, late Minister to the Hague, responded, and proposed the following sentiment, which was duly honored:

'THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: May its members unite in brotherly love, as long as the deep Zuyderzee washes the dykes of the Fatherland, and the broad Atlantic rolls his waves to our sunny shores.'

Mr. J. E. ZIMMERMAN, Vice-Consul for the Netherlands, also responded, and gave the following sentiment:

'THE GOOD WILL AND AMITY EXISTING BETWEEN THE NETHERLANDS AND THE UNITED STATES: May it shine in the hearts of all future generations, as exemplified by the Knickerbockers of the present day.'

'6. OUR CITY: The child of Holland. Honest dealing and love of order are her inheritance. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'

Rev. Chaplain VERMILYE responded. When it was a question, whether, in consequence of the depression of the times, the annual dinner had not better be dispensed with for this year, he had found, on consulting the Constitution, that it was impossible: for the Society 'shall dine on the sixth of December,' are its words. Born and bred in this city, he was on both sides, and from beginning to end, a New-Yorker. I speak of New-York with great feeling, for I was brought up, in common with many of our associates, at the feet of that classical scholar and most rigid disciplinarian, JOSE NELSON. There was a social tie among New-Yorkers which, he hoped, would continue to bind us together for all future time, and be continued in connection with the Saint NICHOLAS Society. This city was once more Dutch than now. The old Dutch residences have, for the most part, disappeared, and the splendid new stone edifices have replaced them. The spirit of uprightness is the spirit that ought to actuate us. We suspend when we cannot pay. Our ancestors did not launch forth into *stocks*, of which I know little. Clergymen do not often indulge in this way. Let us act honestly. The love of order is still dominant among us. See our elections in this city, etc. When it is finished, New-York will be the most beautiful city in the world. I stand up for old New-Yorkers, whether of Dutch, Huguenot, German, Welsh, Scotch, English, or Irish extraction: we all meet here on common ground, and let us be one in love for this city and the Union of which it is a part.

'7. THE UNION: '*Eendraght maakt magt.*' Music: '*Hail Columbia.*'

HON. R. J. WALKER, Governor of Kansas, being called upon, spoke as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The honor has most unexpectedly been devolved upon me of responding to the toast, which, I believe, is universally given by the patriotic Saint NICHOLAS Society, in favor of the American Union. Although, gentlemen, most suddenly and most unexpectedly called upon, to respond to this toast, this is a theme which might well raise the emotions and sympathies not only of American citizens, but of the whole human race. It is one which men and nations might discuss, and upon which angels even might look down from their celestial spheres and rejoice with us, over the glories accomplished thus far by the American Union. But, gentlemen, great and glorious as it is, let us all take care that in our day and in our generation, nothing shall be done by any of us by which, in the slightest degree, this great Union, which has accomplished already, in less than three-quarters of a century, so much for our beloved country, and so much for the hopes of mankind, shall ever, by any of our acts or any of our sentiments, be placed in the slightest peril. Let us ever remember, gentlemen, that this American Union of ours is the best, the brightest, per-

haps the last experiment of self-government. And as it shall by us be maintained and perpetuated, or broken and dissolved, so shall the light of liberty shine upon the hopes of mankind, or be forever extinguished amid the scoffs of exulting tyrants and the groans of a worldly bondage. But, gentlemen, let us also recollect that there is a great principle which lies at the base of the American Union — that principle for which our forefathers fought through the war of the Revolution, and for which we, their descendants, have contended from that period down to the present moment to maintain. That principle, which not only lies at the basis of that Union, but at the basis of all our institutions, is the principle of self-government. It is the principle that the people in every State of this Union and in those inchoate States which, emerging from territorial pupillage, begin to ascend into the constellation of American States, when they form their first constitutions, shall, with you, the youngest, and the eldest of the American States, enjoy the principle of self-government. It is a principle, gentlemen, older than the American Union. It is the principle which led to the American Union: For, as to each one of the Colonies that subsequently became American States, the very principle for which they contended, and which induced them to separate from the mother country was a question involving not many dollars and cents, but simply a small tax on tea that scarcely touched the pockets of a single individual; but small as the question of money was, the principle was deep, was fundamental, was eternal. The principle for which they contended, and which led to that revolution, was the principle of self-government. And, gentlemen, permit me to say that the moment when in any one of the States of this Union — either the States now existing, or the States inchoate — this principle is, in the slightest degree, departed from, that moment will introduce the period when will be stricken down the fundamental principles of the American Government; the principles which led us to that revolution; and will have made the first and I fear, the last step back to monarchy and despotism. As to myself, then, gentlemen for that great principle I have contended all my life; for that principle I have lived, and, God willing, if necessary for that principle I am willing to die. Now, then, gentlemen, the great principle of Union we took from the United States of the Netherlands. It was there, gentlemen, that not only under the most tremendous perils and difficulties, not through the Seven Years' War, like our revolution, but for three-quarters of a century, your ancestors fought for the great principle of self-government. And they fought it under the banner of the United States of the Netherlands. We differ from them only in this, that they were the United States of the Netherlands, and now we are the United States of America. The great principle of Union and of Confederacy as distinct and separate States, in its first great successful example, we took from your ancestors in Holland. And how did they fight? How did they fight? There is nothing in the history of Greece or Rome, there is nothing in ancient or modern times, during that eighty years of contest and contumacy, that will compare with the heroism and devotion of your ancestors of the Netherlands in contending for these great principles. They were martyrs in their bloody battle-fields; they were martyrs in the dungeon; they were martyrs amid the torments and tortures indescribable, to which no people ever before have been subjected in the history of the world. But still, although in point of numbers, a small and inconsiderable people, contending with the ocean whose surges for the first time in the history of the world, they have driven back and conquered, thus reclaiming their country from the ocean monarch; for three-quarters of a century they contended for these principles, and finally they triumphed. Now, gentlemen, I am sure it would be very wrong in me, at this late hour of the night, to detain you with any further discussion of these great principles. But, with your permission, I will give you a sentiment:

'HOLLAND, THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL EXAMPLE OF CONFEDERATED REPUBLICAN STATES: May it be maintained here until time shall be no more.'

Mr. WALKER'S address was received with renewed and protracted cheering.

'8. OUR MOTHERS, OUR WIVES, OUR DAUGHTERS, OUR SISTERS, OUR SWEETHEARTS. Music: *'Let the Toast be Dear Woman.'*

The single gentleman appointed to respond, was, unfortunately and unavoidably, prevented from attendance.

'9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: The grasp of welcome to every hand that comes to help us work out the destiny of New-York. Music: *'We're a Band of Brothers.'*

MR. J. WARD, President of Saint GEORGE'S, responded, and gave as a sentiment:

'THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY AND ITS BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.'

'MR. ADAM NORRIE, of Saint ANDREW'S, gave:

'THE COMMERCE OF NEW-YORK: Though sometimes arrested by a panic, its march is still onward to wealth and greatness.'

RICHARD O'GORMAN, of Saint PATRICK'S, made a few remarks on the liberality and hospitality of this city to foreigners. He proposed:

'THE YACHT HALF-MOON: She missed the way to Kathay, but found a richer port on the shores of Manhadden.'

B. W. BONNEY, of New-England Society, after a few remarks, offered:

'THE FOUNDERS OF NEW-AMSTERDAM AND THEIR REPRESENTATIVES: Ever honored and revered by those who came to help them in working out the destiny of New-York.'

The following letters of declinature were then read by Steward JOHN D. VAN BUREN:

'Sunnyside, December 4th, 1857.

MY DEAR JOHN VAN BUREN: I should have accepted your kind invitation to the Steward's preliminary dinner, had I not been very much worried by the dangerous illness of my factotum at Sunnyside.

'He still is very ill, but I trust is out of danger. I shall have you to get me excused, however, from the great Saint NICHOLAS Festival. I do not feel up to it. I rejoice to find that VERPLANCK is again at the head of the Society. He is worthy of all honor, as I know from personal acquaintance with his various merits, for more than half a century. Yours, very truly,

'JOHN VAN BUREN, Esq.'

WASHINGTON IRVING.

'Lindenwald, December 4th, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to present to the officers and members of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, my thanks for their remembrance of me on the recurrence of their annual Festival, and to assure them that, although I am unable to accept their kind invitation, my heart warmly sympathizes with those feelings of reverence for the memory of our ancestors, love for the Fatherland, respect for the Dutch character, and hospitality and good-will to man, in which their Society had its origin, and which animates their celebrations.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours, M. VAN BUREN.

'CHARLES VANDERVOORT, Esq, Secretary of Stewards, etc.'

'SIR WILLIAM GORE OUSELEY presents his compliments to Mr. VANDERVOORT, and having this moment received the invitation for the seventh instant, with which the Saint NICHOLAS Society of the city of New-York has been pleased to honor him, hastens to reply to it, hoping that his answer may reach Mr. VANDERVOORT to-morrow.

'Official duties prevent Sir WILLIAM GORE OUSELEY from leaving Washington at this moment; but it is hardly necessary for him to say, that had it been in his power, he would gladly have availed himself of the flattering invitation of the Saint NICHOLAS Society.

'He is well aware that he personally has no claim of fellowship by birth with a Society commemorative of the days of 'Nieu Amsterdam,' and is therefore doubly honored by being admitted vicariously, as he doubtless has been on this occasion, to represent his wife; Lady OUSELEY being justly proud of her descent from one of those ancient Dutch families, whose names are not only enrolled in the archives of the renowned historian KNICKERBOCKER, but have been, as has that of the VAN NESS's, for generations linked with the history of New-York, and have shown themselves not unworthy sons of that great and prosperous commonwealth with which Sir WILLIAM GORE OUSELEY has the honor to be connected.

'Willards Hotel, 5th December, 1857.'

'H. B. M. Legation, Washington, December 2d, 1857.'

'SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the first instant, conveying an invitation to me to attend the meeting of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, at New-York, on the seventh instant.

'You will oblige me by having the kindness to express to the Society my sense of the honor they have done me by this mark of attention, and my regret that I shall be prevented, by public business, from leaving Washington on that day.

'I am, Sir, your obedient, faithful Servant,

NAPIER.

'CHARLES VANDERVOORT, Esq., etc., etc., New-York.'

'Albany, December 4th, 1857.'

'CHARLES VANDERVOORT, Esq.:

Society of the Stewards of the St. Nicholas Society:

'DEAR SIR: I have delayed my reply to the invitation, with which I am honored by the Stewards of Saint NICHOLAS, as long as it was proper for me to do so, in the hope that I might be able to accept an invitation every way agreeable to me; but I regret to say that my engagements here, at this period of the year, are such as will prevent my being with you on an occasion so full of interest to all New-Yorkers, and especially so to me, seeing that an old friend, a son of New-York, distinguished alike for the high qualities and generous sentiments of a cultivated mind, is once more at the head of our Society and presides at the festive board. With the permission of the Stewards, I would ask leave to offer the following toast:

'GULIAN C. VERPLANCK: A name distinguished in the Literature of our Country, trusted in the Councils of his Native State, and honored with the confidence of his Countrymen.'

'With great respect, I remain your obedient servant,

'JOHN A. KING.'

A member sent up to the President the following distich:

'YANKEE DOODLE borrows cash,
YANKEE DOODLE spends it;
Then snaps his little finger at
Brother JOHN who sends it.'

Ex-President J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN being called out by the company, responded in an eloquent and characteristic address on Holland. He concluded with a sentiment.

Dr. CHARLES MACKAY, of England, author of 'A Good Time Coming,' and other songs, was then introduced by the President. He said: It may be that you have welcomed me as an Englishman and a stranger. There is an old story of a man, who, when asked if he spoke German, said, 'No; but his brother played the German-flute. I have been in Holland; and I claim to be nineteen-twentieths of an Englishman and Scotchman, and one-twentieth of a Dutchman. I thank you for your invitation to your hospitable board.

Vice-President J. R. BRODHEAD proposed '*The Health of the Stewards*,' which was responded to by Steward J. D. VAN BUREN, who, with his characteristic wit and eloquence, narrated the great difficulties which had attended their enterprise, and of the triumphant success which had at last crowned their exertions.

Mr. WRIGHT, from Communipaw, New-Jersey, was then introduced, who, in a most happy manner, deplored the degeneracy of our neighboring State, and its *subjugation* by Rail-road Companies. He gave in conclusion :

'THE HEALTH OF HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCE.'

Dr. J. C. BEALES, Ex-President of Saint GEORGE'S, being called out, made a few remarks on the Dutch character. He alluded more particularly to the successful efforts of Dutchmen to '*keep out water*.'

Dr. BEADLE, being called upon, responded for the Physicians of the Society :

'The office of Physician is a sinecure, as the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS are *never sick*. Their temperate habits, their untiring industry, and, above all, their uninterrupted devotion to the pipe, with the use of the buckwheat-cake, enabled them to defy disease.'

Collector SCHELL was then, after much effort, induced to get on his legs. He contended for the independence of the State Sovereignities, as '*imperiū in imperio*;' alluded to the many important posts of honor and trust, under the General and State Governments, which had been filled by members of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, showing the great confidence reposed in its members; and contended that the confidence was not misplaced. He concluded by giving :

'THE HEALTH OF GOVERNOR ROBERT J. WALKER.'

The Governor returned his acknowledgments, and expressed the belief that within twenty years, New-York would command the commerce and exchanges of the world, and, as a means of hastening that consummation, recommended the plan of the old Amsterdam Bank, of issuing no certificates save on deposits of hard specie. This was loudly cheered.

Dr. MACKAY made a few remarks after Governor WALKER. He spoke of England: there was 'life in the old boy yet,' for twenty, forty, ay, for two hundred years to come. There is yet room for both England and America in the world: let us pull together in peace and amity.

Mr. R. B. COLEMAN, of Saint NICHOLAS' Hotel, was called up by Mr. VAN WAGENEN, in a vote of thanks for his efficient coöperation with the Stewards. Mr. COLEMAN alluded to his entertainment of the various Charitable Societies during his connection with the ASTOR House. He hoped that he had made arrangements by which the Saint NICHOLAS Society would find a *permanent home* at the Saint NICHOLAS Hotel.

Mr. J. H. KIP proposed the health of '*Hon. Hamilton Fish*,' the founder of the Saint NICHOLAS Society; which was drank with all the honors.

Mr. G. F. TRAIN, author of '*Young America*,' recently returned from a seven years' cruise around the world, made a few remarks complimentary to the Society, and to the city of New-York. At half past-twelve precisely, the Society adjourned.

We must be allowed to state that the occasion passed off most happily, and that the dinner was a 'complete success.' We were, however, sorry to miss many familiar faces, the representatives of *Old New-York*. Where were the STUYVESANTS, BREVOORTS, BENSONS, BLEECKERS, CRUGERS, DE PEYSTERS, FIELDS, HOFFMANS, OOPHOUTS, RAPELYES, REMSENS, VAN ANTWERPS, VAN BLARCOMS, and the VAN DAMS? Where was our *venerable friend*, Dr. J. W. FRANCIS, without whose presence no New-York réunion can ever be complete? — the Sons of Saint

NICHOLAS can never give him up, *venerable* though he may be, yet tough as Dutch kruller: the highest honors of the Society await him.

The singing of a hymn to Saint Nicholas was a new feature in our celebration, and was given with fine effect. The whole assembly rose, and sang the hymn to the tune of 'Old Hundred,' that great composition of MARTIN LUTHER, the glorious 'High Dutchman,' as it was originally written, and not in the emasculated version attempted to be imposed upon us by certain *Yankee singing masters*. It is proper to state, that the verses were from the classic pen of the senior Steward.

Contrary to the old-established usage of the Society, a *reporter* was invited by the Stewards, with the view of giving to the public the address of Hon. Governor WALKER. We venture the hope, that no reporter may ever again be introduced; Old New-York does not sanction this *modern innovation*, which, ere long, will insist upon intruding itself upon the privacy of our fire-sides, and the domestic circle, for the amusement of the general public at their breakfast-tables. It is a *Yankee invention*, and *as such*, must be frowned down by the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS. The world should know that the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE is the only *legitimate organ* of the Society; and to it all New-Yorkers will apply for the requisite information. Our thanks are hereby tendered to the Assistant Secretary, for his valuable services in procuring the materials for this report.

J. C. A.

December 12th, 1857.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — THE '*Atlantic Monthly*' for December 'holds its own,' at least in *one* respect. The 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' as in the initial-number, is king over all his fellows in the well-printed pages which they severally serve to fill. He will be imitated, no doubt: there will be men, unlike him speaking from a rich mind, who will doubtless endeavor to elevate their farthing-tapers beside his clear-burning sperm: in precisely suchwise as the clever author of '*Nothing to Wear*' was imitated quasily by the writers of '*Nothing to Eat*,' '*Nothing to Do*,' and half-a-dozen of other '*Nothings*,' of the same stamp. But they can't extinguish *his* light in their 'ineffectual fires.' 'It's mighty aizy,' as poor POWER used to say, with a humming twirl of his shillelah, 'it's mighty aizy to say, 'Put him out,' but who's a-going to *do* it?' Listen to one or two of his pregnant subsections:

'—WHERE have I been for the last three or four days? Down at the island, deer-shooting. How many did I bag? I brought home one buck shot. The island is where? No matter. It is the most splendid domain that any man looks upon in these latitudes. Blue sea around it, and running up into its heart, so that the little boat slumbers like a baby in lap, while the tall ships are stripping naked to fight the hurricane outside, and storm-stay-sails banging and flying in ribbons. Trees in stretches of miles; beeches, oaks, most numerous — many of them hung with moss, looking like bearded Druids; some coiled in the clasp of huge, dark-stemmed grape-vines. Open patches where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down. Rocks scattered about — Stonehenge-like monoliths. Fresh-water lakes; one of them MARY's lake, crystal-clear, full of flashing pick-erel lying under the lily-pads like tigers in the jungle. Six pounds of ditto one morn-
ing for breakfast. *Ego fecit.*

The divinity-student looked as if he would like to question my Latin. No, Sir, I said, you need not trouble yourself. There is a higher-law in grammar, not to be put down by ANDREWS and STODDARD. Then I went on.

'Such hospitality as that island has seen there has not been the like of in these our New-England sovereignties. There is nothing in the shape of kindness and courtesy that can make life beautiful, which has not found its home in that ocean-principality. It has welcomed all who were worthy of welcome, from the pale clergyman who came to breathe the sea-air with its medicinal salt and iodine, to the great statesman who turned his back on the affairs of empire, and smoothed his Olympian forehead, and flashed his white teeth in merriment over the long table, where his wit was the keenest and his story the best.

'[I do n't believe any man ever talked like that in this world. I do n't believe I talked just so; but the fact is, in reporting one's conversation one cannot help *Blairing* it up more or less, ironing out crumpled paragraphs, starching limp ones, and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes; it is as natural as prinking at the looking-glass.]

'—How can a man help writing poetry in such a place? Every body does write poetry that goes there. In the state archives, kept in the library of the Lord of the Isle, are whole volumes of unpublished verse — some by well-known hands, and others, quite as good by the last people you would think of as versifiers — men who could pension off all the genuine poets in the country, and buy ten acres of Boston Common, if it was for sale, with what they had left. Of course I had to write my little copy of verses with the rest; here it is, if you will hear me read it. When the sun is in the west, vessels sailing in an easterly direction look bright or dark to one who observes them from the north or south, according to the tack they are sailing upon. Watching them from one of the windows of the great mansion, I saw these perpetual changes, and moralized thus:

'As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half-dreaming, my eyes will pursue;
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray,
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

'Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun —
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

'Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!'

We think the 'slight emendations' in the following piece of pieced-verse, will remind the old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER of the sad fate which befel the effusion of a foregone bard in the pages of this Magazine, embraced in '*The Victim of a Proof-Reader*,' in the '*Ollapodiana*' papers:

'HERE is a little poem I sent a short time since to a committee for a certain celebration. I understood that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was what is called a 'teetotaler.' I received a note from him in the following words, containing the copy subjoined, with the emendations annexed to it:

'DEAR SIR: Your poem gives good satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc., etc.

"Yours, with respect."

'HERE IT IS — WITH THE SLIGHT ALTERATIONS!

'Come! fill a fresh bumper — for why should we go
logwood

While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?

Pour out the rich ^{decoction}juices still bright with the sun,
dye-stuff

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

The ^{half-ripened apples}purple-globed-clusters their life-dews have bled;
taste sugar of lead

How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed;
rank poisons wines !!!

For summer's ^{stable boys smoking long-pipes}last roses lie hid in the wines

That were garnered by maidens who laughed through the vines.

^{scowl} ^{howl} ^{scoff} ^{sneer}
'Then a ^{smile}, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer

For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,

Down, down, with the tyrant that masters us all!

Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double — which I did. But as I never got my pay, I do n't know that it made much difference. I am a very particular person about having all I write printed as I write it. I require to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and a double re-revise, or fourth-proof rectified impression of all my productions, especially verse. Manuscripts are such puzzles!

HOLMES' are no 'puzzles.' DOUBTLESS we have in our metropolis, in the great mansions of the Fifth-Avenue, and othersome marble and 'brown-stone-front' dwellings, in choice localities, sumptuous and splendid parties; but what are these, to a genuine old-fashioned *Country Molasses-Candy Party*? Such an one we recently attended at the spacious mansion of our 'distinguished friend and neighbor,' Colonel S —, who, being engaged in affairs of state at Albany, was unable to be present. The rooms were thrown open at eight to the assembled company — 'small but select,' not more than twenty or thirty being present. (And now for a slight touch of JENKINS, who 'does up' the high-life-society sketches for the *'London Morning-Post'*, and his American apes 'on this side,' who write letters from the fashionable watering-places during the summer 'season:') 'The ladies were all very beautiful. There were Mrs. D — S —; attired in a rich brown silk, white cape, and a charming lace head-dress; Mrs. M — and Mrs. C —, attired in rich black silk dresses, with tasteful *coiffures* and ornaments; Mrs. Q —, in a charming green silk, with short sleeves and rich black velvet head-dress, and plain gold bracelets, which set off to advantage the delicate whiteness of her fair arms; Miss F — S — and Miss M — C —, in exceedingly handsome and graceful *robes-à-quille*; Miss E — D. C —, in a close-fitting white basque, with a delicately-tinted muslin skirt; Miss De P —, in a plaid merino, of a choice and elegant pattern; with others, which we cannot now recall. Among the

gentlemen were the Messrs. F — and D — D —; Mr. McG —; Mr. N —; Messrs. E — and P — H —; Mr. F —, with his courtly manners, and old-time reminiscences of similar scenes in the country; Mr. C —, very modest and retiring, but fond of fun, of the quiet, 'right sort;' and Mr. N — Q —; all the male guests in black, save the last-named gentleman, who with his accustomed good-taste, wore an elegantly-fitting suit of rich dark brown, which the ladies one and all pronounced 'terribly becoming' to his fine figure and compact form. (O ye JENKINS of America! how surely do you 'earn your wages!' The foregoing is the hardest piece of writing we have accomplished in a twelve-month.) And now the music ceases, and we are summoned to the kitchen; spacious, commodious, and clean and neat as a new pin, in every part; the shields upon the walls (tin pans, dippers, sauce-pans, 'and things') shining as bright as polished steel. Manly and fair hands are laved and dried upon white napkins; 'blobs' of the sweet-smelling masses are given out from the ready and abundant 'tins.' And now the sport begins—a universal 'pulling' commences. Bejewelled fingers become 'all stuck up,' but are presently liberated again: that which was but now a black lump, has become a twisted golden string; until a casual spectator might fancy himself in a saccharine rope-walk, conducted by a score or more of half-demented 'manipulators,' 'pullers' and 'twisters,' of both sexes. Refreshments anon succeed in the dining-room, with beverages 'which cheer but not inebriate:' then all go up into the drawing-rooms, where singing, dancing, and waltzing, until only *just* the hour 'ayant the twal' close the performances. Such is a 'Molasses-Candy Party' at 'Cedar-Hill on the 'Udson.' - - - HERE ensueth a few more:

'Sparks and Cinders from the Grate-Blower.

SNAP THE FOURTH.

'I HAVE been often asked by strangers, (that is, persons from other cities, though men of intelligence, I admit,) why it is that there is, or seems to be, no centralization of a literature in Philadelphia? Why we have no recognized exponent of our own literary talent—no Philadelphia 'KNICKERBOCKER,' 'Atlantic Monthly,' etc., etc., whose pages are devoted to the development and encouragement of the genius within us, if we had any? and that we had, was proved, they thought, by the contributions which went from here to fill the columns of journals and periodicals in other cities. Boston had its peculiar publications, sustained by its peculiar literati; New-York, ditto; other cities, ditto, ditto; while our talent went travelling through the mails after an 'opening.'

'This, and much more of the same kind has been said to me, and asked of me; but I have not answered. But, at length, impertinent individuals have hinted that the cause of this want here, (as well as of my silence on the subject,) was a lack of talent, a dearth of sufficient literary ability to get up and sustain a periodical from our own resources, with our own pens. They have asked: 'Where is your talent? Where, and who are your writers, authors, poets—literati, in short? Show us twelve—only twelve?'

'And I have not shown them.

'Wherefore? Because our men of mind, our poets, biographers, 'breakfast-table Autocrats,' etc., are, with a *very* few exceptions, men of such 'rare modesty,'

that their lights are hidden. They write, but don't print. Their immediate family-circles know of, and appreciate, their talents; but the world — the world, Sir, is lamentably ignorant of them. That's it, Sir!

'But we've got them! Men who think; men who argue; men who *evolve*; (*that's* a neat term, I flatter myself!) men who rhyme, and men who reason — Why, only yesterday, I discovered a new Author in embryo: a Philadelphian, Sir, too, body and broadcloth. No other than my own third cousin, Doctor SKUTIS — GUY A. SKUTIS, M.D.

'SKUTIS, Sir, is about to shine upon the world of letters. After imitating the bad (for it is bad — *for the world*) example of Philadelphia genius, in 'hiding his light under a bushel' — of MSS. — for years, he is about to come forth mildly (not to rush) into print. He yesterday confided his intention to me, and the reasons that induced him to determine upon it, and brought me the *Introduction* to his proposed 'Book,' to read and criticise. I told him it was *good!* and he — but, stop; I've got it yet: (he left it for me to punctuate: he is rather weak on punctuation:) it won't tire you too much to have me copy it for you; will it? Beside, there's a wholesome satire in it, that, in *my* opinion, is *good!* as I told him. And, beside, again, if you print it, it will serve him, as a tip-top advertisement of the 'Book,' *à la New-York Ledger*, you know; with the great advantage of being *gratis*; for you won't charge any thing: will you, friend KNICK? Any how, here it is! (with the punctuation perfected — a-hem!)

(C O P Y .)

'NOTES OF PROMISCUOUS TRAVELS BY GUY A. SKUTIS, M.D.

'INTRODUCTORY.

'When my friend WAGGLES returned from his *European tour*, (of three weeks' duration, exclusive of the passages there and back,) he showed me a tolerably thick portfolio, and exclaimed triumphantly: 'There, GUY, my boy, is the material for my 'Book.'

'What book?' asked I innocently.

'My travels, of course: see here; that's the title-page.'

'I looked, and read upon the first sheet of about a ream of foolscap: 'IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD WORLD, SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL: BY A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER.' I turned the leaf, and saw 'PREFACE' in large letters; but not another word: page third, totally virgin, and ditto the whole ream.

'What do you mean,' exclaimed I in amazement, 'by calling *this* the *material* of your 'Book'?

'Why, is n't it? What is the material of a book or a MS. but paper?'

'Of course: but you know what I mean. Where's the contents, notes, chapters — the '*Impressions*,' in short?'

'In that ream of foolscap, my dear GUY, the sum total of any 'moral, social, or political impressions' that I am aware of having received, is recorded.'

'Oh! ah! I see! very good! ha! ha! a 'sell' — hey?'

'In frankness, yes: it *will* be rather a 'sell,' if it should have any sale.'

'Sale? What do you mean? You can't sell a title-page, and a ream of blank paper, for a book!'

'Of course not, my boy: I don't mean to try. But I mean to fill the blank ream, and then 'sell' it, and the public, together; to say nothing of the publisher.'

'But you said you had received no impress —'

'I know, I know: but I'm *going* to. You're wonderfully unsophisticated for a literary amateur. Don't you know how books of travelling '*Impressions*,' etc., are fabricated? Thus: you —'

‘‘Fabricated?’’

‘‘Yes! don't interrupt me. You take a ‘*trip*,’ or rather a *race*, through foreign ‘*lions*,’ (or even you *do n't* take one,) buying cheap lithographs of celebrated scenes, edifices, etc., at each halt for dinner, or sleep. Then, upon your return, you go to a library, and get out several genuine Travel-Books of a moderately past date, and still more moderate celebrity. Then you get your *material* ready, and go to work thus: Taking Number One of the genuine books, you (having got a friend to write you a preface) turn to Chapter First. You find that the genuine traveller was therein delighted with city A, disgusted with steamer B, on river C, charmed with society D, and thought ruin E the finest, grandest specimen of architecture F, in the vicinity. You also find that he met on steamer, a disagreeable old foggy G, several noisy, fidgety children, and inquisitive women, which we will call collectively H. Very good! You commence *your* Chapter First. Therein you are *disgusted* with city A, *delighted* with steamer B, on river C, *bored* by society D, and (consulting your cheap lithograph of the place) think ruin E *much inferior*, as specimen of architecture F, to ruin X, which latter (with your eye on lithograph) you proceed to dilate upon scientifically, or what amounts to the same, unintelligibly. You wind up by a pleasant fiction of an intelligent tourist, with a fascinating daughter, and an interesting child with a romantic history attached to it, whom you met on steamer, and you promise to give the romantic history in a future chapter. (This you of course don't do, by-the-by; but, by a master stroke of art, you keep up the reader's desire for the aforesaid romance, by dark allusions to it every few chapters, and farther promises for its future relation, and thus get him through your book hopefully.) You have now got Chapter First triumphantly completed, and turning to travel-book Number Two, you select a second chapter, as a guide to *your* Second Chapter, upon which you proceed to work in the same admirable manner. For Chapter Third, take Book Third, on similar principles, and so on, till having exhausted the number of books, you recommence with Number One, and repeat, and recommence and repeat, until you have worked through your material, and finished your ‘*Impressions*.’ In order to be *eminently original*, however, you don't travel in the same order as any of your prototypes, of course, but skip about quite in your own manner, which is done by simply changing the order of your models' chapters, and taking a tenth of one of *them*, for a fifteenth of *yours*, or a sixth for a ninth, etc.; being careful to keep your map by you, so that you do not make an impracticable jump across an impossible-to-be-jumped-over space of land or water, in the given time. Farther, you interweave, here and there, clever little anecdotes, adventures, and rencontres, with celebrated personages, foreign or domestic, which you may easily collect from private sources, among some of your travelled friends who never publish, and are too modest to ‘*peach*,’ if they should detect themselves, masked, in your pages. Your *lady* traveller friends are preferable for this little assistance generally, (though you must be shy of *literary* ladies and elderly spinsters,) as they have a natural love for contrabandistas, and an inclination to help all such little enterprises through. Lastly: In all your journeying from place to place, your meetings with *personages*, your descriptions of pageants, and your discussions upon historical topics, you must be extremely sparing of *dates*; in fact, it is better not to use any. Instead, for instance, of saying you arrived at A September third, or left B August ninth, or had the pleasure of being presented to His Royal Highness, etc., on the sunny morning of the first of June, etc., etc., say merely you arrived, etc., on Tuesday; left, etc., on Friday; was presented, etc., etc., on an unclouded summer morning, etc., etc. Then you go — Halloo! GUY! I'm a mummy, if he has n't gone to sleep!’

'I was very near it, I confess, FRED; but I've heard your explanation *in toto*. I do n't place implicit confidence in it, though, WAGGLES. I can't believe that the charming Books of Travel I have read with such pleasure, were such infamous humbugs.'

'Come, come, old fellow! no personalities, you know. Wait till you read *my* 'Impressions;' wait till you see my success!'

'I waited!

'The 'Impressions' were published, read, admired, puffed, sold-out, went into a second edition, a third, are now going through a fourth. I am convinced! so convinced, that I am about to publish a similar 'infamous humbug' myself; with this difference; that I acknowledge, before I begin, the *humbug* alluded to. I confess that these about-to-be-written 'Notes' are as yet virgin sheets of foolscap; that they have no nucleus of memorandum-book, map, or even cheap lithograph. But one fact I desire to state, and in consideration of my frankness in the foregoing confession, I wish to be believed. This is, that all the scenes I intend to describe, *I have seen*; all the people I speak of, *I have met*; all the events I narrate, *I have had a personal knowledge of*. This is all! I shall use no dates, and my names shall all be nobody's names, that I know of. Reader, is my introductory satisfactory? — [End of Copy.]

'Ay! *that* 's the question! *Is his* Introductory satisfactory? I ask *you*, reader, and *you*, friend KNICK: *is it* — is it *not* satisfactory?

'And I conclude in the words of the New-York contemporary's 'specimen (advertisement) chapters,' above referred to: 'This is all that will be given (at present) of the (to be) thrilling and powerfully-written work' of my cousin GUY A. SKUTIS, M.D.'

'Some folks' know GUY ASKUTIS! - - - THE 'Rockland County Kite' has been withdrawn from the *line*, and laid up for the winter, in the room which contains our sub-library, adjoining the sanctum. It is not, however, the KITE of which we said some time ago, that 'due notice would be given of its second appearance.' It is the 'Leviathan' of American kites: of fine gauze-muslin; profusely illustrated, in bronze, blue, gold, and crimson, (chiefly from Mr. Trow's beautiful 'Specimen-book,') including, for borders, several rich circular lace-patterns, from the Ladies' Magazines, which we never found so interesting before. Mechanical improvements in bow, main-shaft, cross-bar, and belly-band, have been introduced. The result was — perfection. It arose, for the first time, on a day soon after the middle of November: that it was a heavenly day, with a fine stiff breeze, is all that we can remember; for our excitement was great, and our young (marry, and our elderly) audience dotted the russet hill-side, clear down to the cedar-screen beyond the lawn. *How* she glided up the blue empyrean! The line — five balls, strong as wire — went smoking over the double-gloved hand over which it 'paid out,' until it stood, diminished almost to a speck, far off, and right over the wide Tappaän-Zee. It was a beautiful sight! And while we were holding the line, (it was 'our watch' at the moment,) we saw a triangle of wild-geese high in air, 'to the south'ard a-steering,' twenty-five on each side, with a head-goose-captain, nearing the end of the long Pier, with their hoarse '*ke-lank! — ke-lank! — ke-lank! — ke-lank! — k'lank! — k'lank! k'lank!*' And just as they were over the out-works of the Pier, *our* 'Rockland' made its first dive, a circular swoop of half a mile in diameter: at

the same moment the *Pier's* 'Rockland' switch-engine sent up one of its unearthly shrieks: the goose-columns were startled: the commander wavered: they separated, turned round, took a long détour over Rockland Tower, and 'made the Hudson' again at SNEEDEN'S Landing, whence they paused a moment to see JOHN VOORHEES catch two shad, and then sailed on their course. The 'Rockland Kite' is daily 'on view' at the sanctum-library. Grits and shorts for our cow, oats and corn for our neighbor's chickens, postage-stamps, and other country-produce, received for admission. All good children admitted free. - - - TAKING his cue, we suspect, from the forcible remark of some observant author, that 'the great Town is but a great HOTEL, where multitudinous guests are variously accommodated,' a new metropolitan correspondent, (from whom we shall be glad to hear again,) among other philosophical reflections, gives us the subjoined. We judge that if his hotel, by some unnatural convulsion of nature, should be turned bottom upward, he would be found in the cellar: in other words, that his room is on the first floor from the roof. But listen to the reflections of our elevated philosopher:

'I ENJOY in my room (it is No. 773) the rich blessing of contentment. Having but little to lose, I have but little to fear. I never find, on coming in, that a skillful thief has relieved me of my hard gold, or that a riotous crowd has broken the windows and spattered my magnificent clothes with mud. I never have my dinner spoiled, and my feelings harrowed, by the unexpected coming of my agent, who breathlessly tells me that the Southern Fire-eaters have seized and confiscated my last cargo of goods, because an Abolition tract chanced to be found in the newspaper packing; or that the cholera has broken out on all my six plantations at once, and is daily sweeping off fourteen hundred of my negroes; or that the great commercial house of EXPAND, BURST AND COMPANY, which owes me three-quarters of a million, is just on the point of winding up! No, no; I am troubled with none of these things. I say, with some degree of pride, that I care nothing for money. I consider it belittling. If I had in reality the charge of the world, there should be *no* money. There should be no hoarding misers; making and losing fortunes in a day; no extravagance in princely houses, ruled over by capricious FORTUNE; no ghastliness in starving garrets, ruled over by stern, inflexible WANT. There should be no more of these! There should be no craving, except after goodness, and no necessity, except that of existence. Men should labor, as now; but it should be for the general good, and MY HOTEL should be free as air to every comer. And yet, after all, I am KING in my own hotel. What matters it that my sway is unnoticed and unacknowledged? Is not secret power always the best? My Hotel is a miniature world, containing within itself all the elements of life; and my guests are all *in transitu*. One day, from one of the lower rooms, I heard a feeble wail, announcing the dawn of life, and but a few hours after, I heard the cry from aged lips, which told me how slight is the distance between the 'beginning and the end.' Thus I was taught that DEATH is a mightier king than I.

Number 773 is exactly the place for a king to live in; it is elevated, and all kings occupy elevated positions. To be sure, my throne is not very expensive, but the ancient sovereigns had poorer ones than mine; yet none had so great power as they. Indeed, I remember having read that the Empress CATHERINE of Russia, had a palace of ice, which surely was far worse than living in Number 773. And I have always observed that gilded thrones are attended with the loss of real

power. Good Queen VICTORIA, for instance, is not allowed to rule her own nursery women, which would, be quite a respectable dominion for a person of moderate ambition. Again, Number 773 is just the place for a philosopher: it is my DIOGENES' tub. I think it a great pity that hotels with fifteen stories were not known two thousand years ago. To be sure, ADAM did n't need them, for he was very favorably situated for meditation. He had also a valuable assistant 'in the person of his accomplished lady,' who was exceedingly desirous of adding both to her own stock of knowledge and to his. No man can philosophize properly in a constant change of scene; and this, I suspect, is the reason why the glorious Nineteenth Century is so lamentably deficient in this respect. But here, in Number 773, every thing is familiar. I know all the furniture, and I fancy that it knows me. I fancy that in the dripping of my cracked wash-bowl, as I leave it after a hasty toilet, I have as good a NIOBE, all tears at my departure, as can be found in all the marble statuary of No. 32. Now, what should I do, if I were rich? Of course, I should retain Number 773, unless I should move into Number 32, for the sake of experiment, and to make my old room seem the dearer to me on my return. And, of course, I should 'go to the Springs,' merely to get new opportunities for the study of character; and —

'Suddenly, the gong sounded, throwing its brazen clamors through all the corridors of My Hotel, and arousing me from my reverie at my little window. Looking out, I saw several ragged urchins fighting for the short remnant of a cigar which I had just dropped; and I was pleased to fancy myself clad in royal robes, and scattering largesses with a royal hand. 'Ah!' thought I, as I rose to go down, 'these halcyon, golden days of mine are not yet over. I am still the unenvied, though not unenviable, the occupant of Number 773!'

—
An inch of Laugh is worth an ell of Moan, in any state of the market. So thinks 'DEMOCRITUS,' whose wholesome essay followeth :

'WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE says well: 'All the world's a stage;' and this being so, is it not well to make it a pleasant performance, and go laughing through life? I hold that it is. Let us have the comedy first, for the tragedy comes at the end. Let us not make a solemn drama of our life, and perhaps die twice, as some fictitious actors do; for then do we dull the edge of it, and at the second performance our death will not be more regretted than is the '*Blue Pirate of the Dark Green Gulf*,' or any other melo-dramatic performer. It is well to make a kind of mellow drama of our life; but do it with all dignity, like honest JOHN FALSTAFF. With BEN JONSON, I hold it better to

— 'MAKE the circle of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter.'

'DU BARTAS in 'hys Hystorie of y Worlde,' which treats not only of 'hys hystorie,' but of divers other matters, vilifies the greatest friend to jollity, tobacco, and says from its derivation of name, *Toi Bacchot*, 'To Bacchus,' it evidently leads to drink. He speaks as one without authority, for he never tried it, or he must have sounded the praises of 'Heaven's last best gift to man.' He may have commenced tobacco-experience on a bad cigar, and so have become disgusted with the world, and tobacco: but over my old meerschaum, companion of my youth and college-days, I have had more of good-will toward men enter my heart, and more pleasant fancies enter my brain, than ever could come out of it: and as I look on the old battered head of my friend MEERSCHAUM, we hold such amusing conversations, as

make me sometimes to laugh aloud at my odd fancies : or perhaps he discourses of old times, and recalls to memory the jovial laugh, and the old faces of my youth. I think how

‘THE mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom :’

and I can but look upon him as a benefactor to mankind, when I think of the calm joy he has afforded to many who have long since finished their tragedy.

‘I like to recall with him the days and the friends of old. There was SARGE, who always grasped MEERSCHAUM’S small waist with a whole hand, and in his hearty embrace old MEERSCHAUM would laugh aloud, and amuse us by breathing forth large wreaths, which, empty as the wreaths of Ambition, faded when we touched them, and vanished in thin air. There was my old friend TOM, who held MEERSCHAUM delicately between two fingers; but this dainty dalliance was never liked; and MEERSCHAUM breathed his soul so gently away, that TOM would have to light him up about once a minute. TOM tasted only the bitterness of the breath of MEERSCHAUM’S nostrils, and his own ideas were often correspondingly acrid. Although he was the jolliest of cronies, TOM always spoke with a degree of bitterness of the world, and thought it empty. There was honest old BUCH, in many respects a Dutchman, who never saw the point of a joke until the conversation had turned perhaps on a serious subject : then the previous joke would touch him; and perhaps as we would say, ‘Poor FRED, he is gone from us!’ BUCH would come out with such a mad burst of laughter, as would make the room ring.

‘DICK said to me the other day, as we looked at each other in a small upper chamber, his apartments : ‘JOHN, write a paper of and about old times!’

‘What to do with it?’ I asked.

‘Print it,’ he replied.

‘*Dic Senior bulla dignissime* — DICK, old fellow, you are most worthy of a leather medal,’ exclaimed JUVENAL and I. ‘Who would it interest but ourselves? — and can we not recall them to each other?’

‘His remark suggested to me that a few pages of my life-book might bring somewhat of pleasure to those who wish that the voices of those who have accompanied us in our labors may not become sad echoes in the distance of our memories : and hence I shall some day relate things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

‘But what has this to do with life’s stage? It is merely a side-scene; and as we play our part to the outer world, do we not occasionally glance our eyes to our friends at the side-scenes? Yes, we do! and there we often take the most pleasure.

‘It may be a cloudy night; that is, our worldly affairs are dark : the house is empty, because our pockets are so. We see no friendly faces and applauding hands, because our prospects, like the night, are cloudy and dark. At such a time, it is pleasant to look upon the side-scenes, and see the merry old faces, and hear the applause of brighter days. Yes, as I have said, it is better to make a comedy of life : and when we have swaggered and laughed out our part, some friend shall say : ‘Alas, poor YORICK!’ Is this not better than to have him say : ‘Happy fellow! — he is now at rest from the troubles of life, which so much disturbed him!’

‘In order to make an amusing thing of life, one must be benevolent, and do all he can to make others happy. I recall one man I once made very happy : there are indeed many others; but *this* one I do especially remember : and I am sure he

remembers *me* well: it was my tailor; who, when I knew him not, requested the privilege of making for me choice apparel. I did n't want the clothes, of course; but merely to gratify him, I permitted him to make them; and, to tell the truth, they were unpaid for when I left him: but I think of the happy hours that man enjoyed as he put in the stitches: then, too, the malicious pleasure he took in dunning me, until he tired of it. Oh! the ingratitude of man! Notwithstanding the pleasure I had given him, he tried to wound my feelings by a dun! But I was resolved to laugh and be merry; and so, in a merry way, I heaped coals of fire on his head by paying his bill when he least expected it!

I look out upon the world from my attic, and chuckle at its nonsense. I laugh to see the toiling, moiling worldlings taking so much thought for the morrow, for I am five stories nearer heaven than they; and although I have n't a shilling in my pocket, nor a whole coat on my back, I can yet laugh, and *might* grow fat, under certain circumstances. It is well enough to say, 'Laugh and grow fat,' but I, who have laughed through my life's part, am as delicate as homeopathic soup.

'Those who praise the 'Attic Salt,' little know the bitterness of that attic salt which is not classical: and yet I can laugh and smoke my pipe, although I go dinnerless for my tobacco, and consider myself *SOCRATIC*; for while I drain the bitter cup, I can do it with a pleasant face; and were not all the world selfish, and therefore miserable, we might all have a coat with whole sleeves, and be happy; and in that Golden Age, a coat out at the elbows, like my own, should be unknown: then would napless hats and empty pockets be remembered as a dream when one awaketh.

'In that happy Golden Age, every man's pocket would be as one's own. Should you wish to buy a newspaper of the man who merely carries them for his own amusement, then put your hand into his pocket, and having drawn forth the requisite amount, place it in his hand. Do you desire a carriage? Then call that man who drives merely to occupy his mind, and laugh at him when he holds out his hand for the fare: *he*, too, will laugh at his own wit in asking for pay.

'Let us, then, beseech *MERCURY*, the patron of thieves, to steal all the old hats and coats of the world, and put them carefully away, where they may be no more seen. When the Golden Age shall come, thieving and fraud shall flee away, and men will live a perpetual laugh: then there shall be no unhappy labor: I say unhappy labor; for consider the ant, who constantly toils so miserably for no other object than to make a place to die in. A little labor, now and then, is relished by the wisest men: let us labor as a pleasure, not as a task; and let those, like myself, who always find it a task, merely live to laugh, and make others laugh: to grow fat, and make others grow fat. Finally:

'Let us all, as far as we are able, 'work with a will' to make this Brazen Age look like a Golden one, to put aside the absorbing thought of 'THE DOLLAR,' and laugh out our part as well as we can; then, when the scene ends, we shall recall the many we have made happy, and may be called before the curtain to receive the praises of our audience.'

Good 'philosophy,' this. - - We laughed in bed last night at the second anecdote which ensueth. 'Any way you can fix it,' it does not seem complimentary to the 'learned counsel' engaged in the case: 'A resolution, in the winter of 1850-51, was introduced into the Ohio Senate, that from that time forward Members of the Legislature should receive but three dollars a day for the time of their actual attendance, and should be required to swear to their accounts. Of course it was opposed and defeated. One

Senator of much common-sense, but no more imagination than a horse, spoke against it, as inconsistent with the dignity and character of the State; and in his flight he exclaimed: 'Here we have the spire of our Capitol ra-a-ising higher — and — *higher*; and' — (stopping hesitatingly and slowly, and scratching his head,) '*well, as high as any other spire 'reöund.*' In the county of Pickaway, during the last term of 'the Court,' a suit was being tried on a contract for the purchase and delivery of hogs. One of the most able attorneys inquired of the witness on the stand: 'How *many* hogs had you ready for delivery at the time agreed upon?' The witness replied, in a slow voice: 'I should think about seven hundred and fifty: but I can't tell *to a hog* (please understand that the witness was addressing the 'learned counsel') the exact number.' - - - Do n't skip the subjoined: you will like it:

A Christmas Carol.

'FLYTTE YE FIRST.

'I PRAY thee, good Mother Fairy!
To give me the power to creep,
With a noiseless step and wary,
Where all are fast sleep;
To enter each quiet household,
And watch by the chimney hearth
Till the small folks search their stockings,
With smothered sounds of mirth?

'So my Fairy gave permission,
And, too, a bit of advice:
'Pass not the door of the poor man!
Ere you pause with the rich, look twice.'
She wrapped her cloak invisible
About my human form,
To hide me from mortal eye-sight,
And shield me from wintry storm.

'Ah! here is the poor man's blessing!
I said, as I entered first
A cottage, and stood by the chimney,
Where the sight upon me burst,
Of a dozen children's stockings,
Sized little, less, and least!
I cried, as I saw their contents,
'Content is as good as a feast!

'More faith I put in the proverb
As *twelve* struck the kitchen-clock,
And the children all awakened,
With that and the crowing cock.
First started a little damsel,
And then her brothers all,
Till uprose all but the babies,
Swift answering to the call.

'And soon came their eager footsteps,
Quick pattering down the stair,
Till there stood around me gathered,
A group for a picture fair.
Each clad in a little night-dress,
With small feet, bare and white,
They looked like a cloud of angels
Estray from the Fields of Light.

'Each felt of the hanging stockings,
And shouted aloud his joy,
Of each one had thought their Mother,
For each, Father had made some toy.
Then sure of SANTA CLAUS' coming,
Each back to his pillow crept,
And spite of waiting and watching,
Again the darlings slept.

'FLYTTE YE SECOND.

'Then a mansion grand I entered,
Yet met a sorrowful sight;
In the midst of costly trappings,
Where riches lavished their might,
Leaning over an empty cradle,
There sat a woman, who wept,
In comfortless, hopeless sorrow,
For her babe in the church-yard slept.
Her hand holds a little stocking,
But its wearer is far away,
And bounds o'er the Fields of Heaven,
In an endless holiday!

'FLYTTE YE THIRD.

'Away I flew to another
Abode of the favored few,
And ever to leave this household,
Was as much as I could do!
For up in the gas-lit chamber,
On the loving parents' bed,
Were gathered the dearest children,
With their presents all out-spread.

'One strided across the foot-board,
And sounded his trumpet shrill;
One perched upon the pillow,
And sang her Dolly still;
One showed the happy Mother
The prints of his picture-book;
One kissed awake the Father,
At her rich treasures to look!

'FLYTTE YE FOURTH.

'But away I went, right merry,
Still laughing aloud for joy,

Till I entered the silent chamber
Of a little dying boy.
He spoke in the gentlest whisper:
'Dear Mother! CHRIST JESUS will come,
And take me to spend this Christmas,
With HIMSELF in His own sweet Home!'

'FLYTTE YE FIFTH.

'Then I flew across the Ocean,
To the land of minstrelsy,
And danced with the German children,
Round and round their Christmas-tree.
I rejoiced with every nation,
But came back to England in time
To hear from moss-grown turrets,
The melodious Christmas-chime.
In 'Gloria in Excelsis,'
I joined 'neath cathedral domes,
Or song of the shepherds watching:
Old 'Sherborne' in cottage homes.

'FLYTTE YE SIXTH.

'In many a fine old mansion,
Hung the mystic mistletoe,
And 'neath it I kissed fair maidens,
Who blushed as they cried: 'No, no!'
C—— Parsonage, December, 1857.

Then the swains said, 'What's the matter?'
And declared, it was a shame
Not to have the *good* of kissing,
Since they had to bear the blame!

'FLYTTE YE SEVENTH.

On I looked at merry dinners,
And joyed in the children's mirth,
But saw in one Christian household
The heavenliest sight on Earth.
While gathered around the table,
In the midst of all the joy,
The mother's heart was crying
For her errant eldest boy.

'And I heard, at evening worship,
The voice of the father stern
Falter the blessed story
Of the Prodigal's Return!
I heard a sob in the doorway —
But the mother heard it first!
And, voiceless, clasped her first-born,
While I feared her heart would burst.

'I left them, praising JESUS,
Who came, at such a cost,
Almost two thousand years ago,
'To seek and save the lost.'

I. Q. H.

Shall we hear from 'I. Q. H.' again? - - - 'THOMAS CRAWFORD, the American sculptor.' This a brief sentence: but it is one which is written in all forms of dignity, grace, and beauty, in 'enduring marble.' The American journals, far and near, have recorded the fact of his so widely-lamented death, and the sad causes which led to the melancholy event. As we stood beside his sable coffin, in Saint JOHN'S Church, Hudson-square, we thought, while the beautiful anthem of the Church was swelling from the organ, and while listening to that sublimest of services, the 'Burial of the Dead,' how that form, instinct with GENIUS, had struggled, labored, triumphed — triumphed with a world-wide renown. The faithful WIFE was there, who had followed and shared his varying fortunes, with the true devotion of a true Woman's heart. Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, who sat at the head of the pall-bearers, brought us from Rome, years ago, and presented to us in our sanctum, the engraving of his ORPHEUS, the first of his great works, which, general as was the praise bestowed upon it, was but the very beginning of his upward and onward career. Miss SEDGWICK, too, then in Rome, GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, Esq., then our 'Roman consul,' and HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, and that *other* HENRY, TUCKERMAN, (whose beautiful and feeling poetical tribute to the deceased sculptor, from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, is copied and re-copied into almost every American journal which we open;) all these, and hundreds of others, in Boston and New-York, were warmly and deeply interested in his success. And, as we have said, that success, that renown, he won. But there he lay: his eye, that had dwelt so lovingly upon the glorious trophies of the art he so much loved, was dead to sight: the ear which had drank in the melting *Misérère* in Saint PETER'S, was lost to sound! He has gone: but his memory will not die. Let us hope that the completion of his unfinished commissions will proceed only from

his own studio. He leaves operative artists who understood his designs, which he had perfected in his models, and which they can fully carry out in marble. To do otherwise, were unjust to his reputation, as well as to the loved and loving family which he leaves behind him. - - - FOURTEEN sets of electrified stereotype-plates of the novel of which the annexed passage is a 'thrilling extract,' are now ready for the 'groaning presses' of a popular metropolitan publisher:

'NIGHT dawned upon the turbid stream of the pellucid Clam, whose swiftly-flowing waters slept placidly beneath the pale and brilliant light of the cloud-hidden moon. By its barren marge, where grew luxuriantly the tall and waving grass peculiar to that region — a grass of the bluest crimson — stood pensively in a sitting attitude, a maiden, fair and beautiful as ever poet dreamed or blind man saw. Leaning against the gigantic trunk of a stately mullen, and at the same time, gazing fixedly downward at the waving foliage, which drooped motionless from over-head, she exclaimed in a tone of voice so low as to be plainly inaudible: 'Why is it, O unpitying Fate! that while I am standing here, I am not somewhere else? Why is it that while I am living, I am not dead? Fortune, unpropitious Fortune, smile upon me with thy sad countenance, and bedew me with the crocodilean tears that emanate from thy laughing eyes! But no, 't is useless! The hour is come that I am momentarily expecting; therefore, ye swiftly-flowing waters of the Clam receive me in the motionless depths of thy shallow stream.'

'With a frantic laugh, loud as that of a disappointed ja-hinney when he sees, invisible in the dim distance, the feathery flowers of the nutritious thistle, she sprang far out into the waters of the Clam, and sank, down, down, farther and farther, until the water reached the tops of her stockings.

'Oh! must she perish? Is there no hand to save? Ah! what is that which comes bounding over the hill with snail-like speed? On, on, it comes, faster and faster. It reaches the bank and plunges fearlessly into the stream. It is the gigantic poodle of the noble Count ALFONSO, who follows close behind. He seizes — the dog, not the Count — in his teeth, the dress of the dripping maiden, and supports her above the raging waves, until his master arrives and draws them both to the shore. Ah! then the scene that followed. The painter's pen, or the poet's brush, I needs must have to faithfully portray it. After about seventeen minutes of speechless silence, the Count exclaimed: 'O my dearest POLLYSERAPHINA! it is thee. O HEAVENS! I thank thee. And thou, my noble dog, shalt have a golden collar, plated with brass and set with Jersey pearls, to commemorate the service thou hast this day rendered me. I swear it by the star's calm light.'

'Then spoke the maiden with checked utterance, as if she had swallowed a pear too large for her beautiful throat: 'ALFONSO! O ALFONSO! why didst thou save me from a watery grave? Know that life has become hateful to me, and were I dead I scarcely think that I would ask for life.'

'Why speakest thou thus, my dearest POLLYSERAPHINA? Am I, thy own ALFONSO, not by thy side? In the language of SMITH, the immortal bard:

'Come twine thy heart around me,
Like a bean-stalk round a pole.'

Let us fly. Dost see that house on yonder hill? let us thither. 'T is but a short distance, not more than three-score leagues. Within it dwells that patriot, JONES, the Alderman of the 'Sanguinary Fiftieth,' who will tie for us the hymeneal knot. Within my purse I have two of those fragmentary parts of a dollar called 'dimes,' the income of which, when properly invested, will be amply sufficient for our future support.'

'Would, my dearest ALFONSO, that I could consent to wed with thee. Dost thou not know that I have sworn a solemn oath to my guardian HUGO DE CLAM, upon an almanac's dread leaves, that I will never wed thee while he lives?'

'While he lives? Ha! ha! then were he dead, as — as — as a 'rabbil,' wouldst thou marry me?'

“‘Ay, ay, my own ALFONSO,’ said the maiden

“‘Kye! eye!’ laughed the poodle.

“‘Come to my arms, then, POLLYSERAPHINA — thou art mine! Know that the craven form of HUGO DE CLAM lies weltering in the brandy and water which flowed from him, when I, in self-defence, ran this my trusty weapon through his body,’ and from beneath his doublet he drew a sanguinary tooth-pick of the best Damascus quill.”

“The two lovers

The ‘particulars’ in our next! - - - NOTHING could be happier than the term ‘*jerky-mind*,’ by the Breakfast-Table Autocrat. How many such ‘minds’ have we encountered! Never listeners to other guests at the table; forgetful that conversation is a property in common, from which no man has a right to eject his neighbor; (see BLACKSTONE, CHITTY, HILL’s Reports, SALTONSTALL’s City Hall Pandects, *et al.*;) always injecting ‘remarks,’ and interpolating ‘observations’ — and always, ‘each and every,’ at the wrong place: saying nothing of interest themselves, and only remarkable for preventing others from imitating their bad example. ‘Such an one,’ said a friend to us in the sanctum the other day, ‘I met recently, at the house of a friend. There was a self-possessed, observant, quiet, gentlemanlike English friend of our host at the dinner. A ‘jerky-minded’ person present, as the foreign guest ‘took his eye and threw it around the table,’ arrested his attention. Conversation waxed lively: polemical, political, artistic, and literary themes were successively broached. At length, in the ‘last division,’ something was said of CHARLES LAMB, of whom nothing could be said of *his own* that was not good, and nothing *of* him, by *any body*, that was not good also. ‘I *knew* LAMB in the India-House,’ modestly remarked our English friend, (who, *although* an Englishman, had been an ‘American’ in our metropolis for twenty-six years, and possessed not a particle of English prejudice;) ‘my brother was in the same establishment, and —’ ‘Did you ever hear,’ said ‘JERKY,’ ‘that remark of his about —’ ‘As I was saying, my brother was in the India-House: and as we were both, in common with every lover of good things in the literary journals of London, great admirers of the papers of ‘ELIA,’ at that time the delight of the town. One day my brother said —’ ‘Pardon: but did you ever see that awful sharp thing LAMB one day observed, when he was going —’ ‘I was going on to observe, that one day my brother said: ‘D’ye know that the veritable ELIA is with us? — has a desk there? — salary, and all that? I *know* him: come in to-morrow, and you shall see him.’ The next day I called, and found —’ ‘LAMB was a curious fellow; d’you recollect the man’s saying to him one day, ‘LAMB,’ says he, ‘what was that that you said about that fat Englishman that came up to you, and said that he wanted —’ ‘I called (as I was about saying when I was interrupted) the next day, about nine o’clock in the morning. My brother had stepped out on some business connected with his department of the house. Mr. LAMB was the head ‘Error Clerk,’ I believe: at all events, he was in that division of the clerical duties of the India-House. I opened the little low pew-door of the inclosure which contained his desk, being determined to introduce myself: so I walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said, with a respectful bow: ‘Mr. CHARLES LAMB, I believe?’ ‘Y-e-e-s,’ said LAMB slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers: ‘y-e-e-s, they *call*

me LAMB, yet, *but I am old enough to be a sheep!*' Perfectly LAMB-like was that reply, and it had the effect to silence the interruptions of the 'JERKY MIND' whenever afterward, during the evening, the quiet, well-bred narrator had occasion to relate an anecdote, or otherwise endeavor to do *his* part toward the enjoyment of the assembled company. - - - HERE is a 'side-blast' from the 'GRATE-BLOWER' which will well repay perusal :

'You know, dear KNICK, that 'Philadelphia Wistar Parties' are famous. 'Good things' are thereat enjoyed, gastronomically and intellectually, and many a reputation for wit has had its nucleus at the well-spread table of 'one of the Faculty.' Terrapin and champagne have a wonderful power of tickling the pineal gland, which is (or is not) the seat of wit.

'Well, I took HANKER to a Wistar 'Party' last Saturday evening, and one of the first men we stumbled over in the dressing-room, was Professor M ———, a contemporary and intimate of the celebrated Doctor CHAPMAN, of side-splitting memory.

'PHYPPS,' said the Professor, after HANKER's introduction, I read the KNICKER-BOCKER; you understand? *Ergo!* I know the 'Grate-Blower;' and I saw friend CLARK's introductory anecdote of *my* old friend CHAPMAN. It was n't one of his worst, but I'll tell you another quite as good, which has never been 'prented,' and with which you may ROLAND 'L. G. C. in return for his 'OLIVER.' *Videlicet.*

'The old Doctor had a friend from the *provinces*, (*Lycoming County*, probably,) in town for a day, and was showing him the lions. At ten minutes *after* twelve he reached the Mint, and finding the doors closed, pulled the bell. The porter opened one valve: 'I wish to show my friend the engine,' said the Doctor.

'Too late,' growled CERBERUS. 'Doors close at twelve.'

'But,' urged Doctor CHAPMAN, 'my friend leaves this evening, and I *must* take him through here before he goes.'

'Can't help it!' returned CERB. sturdily. 'Rules is positive; can't let nobody in after twelve!' and he 'made a motion' to shut the door in the gentleman's face.

'The Doctor was slightly *riled*; putting his foot against the oak panel, 'Stop!' said he with dignity. 'Do you know who I am?'

'No, Sir!' grumbled guardy, 'nor I don't care; you can't git in now.'

'See here, you rascal!' cried CHAPMAN, in a voice of concentrated indignation: '*none of your Mint sauce!!*'

'Ha! ha! ha!' roared HANKER: 'what did the porter say to that?'

'He *threatened* to *lam* (b) *him*,' replied a base voice behind us. We turned, and there stood TURKLE.'

Look out for '*Turkle's Dinner!*' - - - NEVER, since our unanimous election, eighteen years ago, as a member of the St. NICHOLAS Society, at the nomination of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, have we so desired to be with the 'Sons' of that now renowned and always enjoyable 'institution,' as on the occasion of their recent Festival, on the seventh of December, at the Saint NICHOLAS Hotel. We longed to assemble and confabulate again with our brother-STEWARDS of past years, with whom, in due yearly succession, we were wont to have such pleasant associations. We desired to see once more in the chair our FIRST PRESIDENT, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, now newly restored to an office, which, worthily as it has been filled since his 'first term,' has never been *more* worthily or felicitously filled than by himself. Well do we remember the pleasant scene at our initial Festival,

eighteen years ago: when Lord MORPETH, now Earl CARLISLE, favored the company with a brilliant speech, in which, alluding to the quaint dresses of the servants, (of the time of PETRUS STUYVESANT,) and the 'mirk' that filled the hall from multitudinous pipes, he said that he felt a kind of awe in such a presence: he felt, indeed, as if he were about to explore the Eleusinian mysteries! It was a season to be held in long remembrance: for the speeches that ensued, from the PRESIDENT and others, were scarcely less applaudingly received than the *truly* 'noble lord's. Equally delightful memories remain to us of many, many a subsequent Festival; and especially of those smaller sub-festivals, which precede and follow the *great* assemblage of the 'Sons of St. NICHOLAS'—the 'Tasting' and the 'Settling' Suppers. Ah! old brother-STEWARDS, (thanks to a kind Providence, nearly our entire body remains until this day, although 'some are not,') what memorable 'times' were *those*, at the old City-Hotel! With all our Society's 'officers' around us; with the most genial flow and glow of conversation, anecdote, and friendly repartée among them, and our other 'distinguished invited guests;' with no excess of participation, but keen enjoyment of, and hearty gratitude for, the 'good gifts' of the divine BENEFICENCE, so bountifully set before us by those princes of public hosts, JENNINGS and WILLARD, *par nobile fratrum!* We pause—to stop altogether in these our present fresh reminiscences, with the single remark, that important negotiations, connected with the KNICKERBOCKER, and then pressing, prevented our responding to the otherwise adscititious 'promptings' of the Stewards who form the present honored VAN-guard of the good old Society—long life to it! - - - THERE must have been, we rather think, somewhat of an amusing 'time' among certain of our 'Vishing Gompanie' to the 'Tracte' of JOHN BROWNE, in their sometime visit to the *Great State Fair at Buffalo*. This 'subsection,' (a 'committee of two,') with characteristic minuteness of scrutiny, not content with beholding the great objects of the exhibition, made a running call upon all the outside-shows, of which there were many, more or less attractive—or unattractive. Of the latter class was one which strongly elicited the interest of the softest-spoken, most tasteful, and most seductive of the 'party.' It consisted of '*The Cattaraugus Fat Girl*,' weighing five hundred pounds, and '*The Celebrated Cattaraugus Pig*,' whose weight exceeded that of his rival by some eight hundred pounds. The bland visitor asked after the general health of the 'Fat Girl:' 'how *long* she had been growing: how much *broad*er than long she was;' and other the like innocent and natural questions, which were courteously and satisfactorily answered. At length he capped the climax of his laconic inquiries by asking, pointing with his cane to the huge grunting porker, gyrating and 'wabbling' his great white perforated trumpet-nose in a corner of the tent, '*Twins*, Madam, may I ask?' 'Sech rath!' as Mr. K. N. PEPPER would say: she endeavored to rise and follow the inquisitor, as, with his friend, he retired toward the door of her tent: but a weight heavier than that which weighed down Giant DESPAIR when he tried to 'put after' his two prisoners as they were leaving 'Doubting Castle' one morning, held her in check, and the two unchristian '*Hopefuls*' managed to escape. The question was wrong, and unnecessary! - - - HAVING a little choice

binding to be done, the other morning, we repaired to our old friend, Mr. JAMES SOMERVILLE, who has served us to perfect acceptance 'for lo! these many years:' but he was gone from his old-time place, where we had had, lang syne, many a friendly and pleasant chat together. But we found him in new quarters, with

James Somerville and Brother

extending in huge honest gold letters, some two feet long, across the lofty and extensive establishment, embracing Numbers Forty-Three and Forty-Five, Centre-street, now one of the greatly-improved and most flourishing portions of the metropolis: an establishment which, for its purposes, is one of the most extensive and complete, we venture to assert, in this country—certainly in all 'Gotham.' Here resort, not only our great publishers, with their cart-loads upon cart-loads of printed sheets, of multitudinous choice books for 'immediate dispatch,' but many a tasteful bibliophile, your lover of old editions and rare bindings: and few be they who ever depart, at last, disappointed. With Scottish integrity, Scottish thrift, and practised skill, combined with unexceptionable taste, Messrs. SOMERVILLE AND BROTHER have gradually built up their great establishment. A SOMERVILLE'S bond is as good as a United States' Treasury-Note—and 'their word is as good as their bond.' Call for a book when you have been told 'it will be done,' and you will find the volume 'foranest you,' executed precisely as 'per order.' Are we not doing a good service, not so much to the Messrs. SOMERVILLE as to our readers, in mentioning these facts? We certainly *think* so. - - - COMING to town the other morning, looking listlessly over a daily paper, our attention was arrested by the following:

'PLEASING INCIDENT.—On Saturday, JAMES G. POWERS, of the printing establishment, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob street, was presented with a handsome tea-set by his fellow-workmen, for the fair and impartial discharge of his duties as foreman during the past seven years.'

'POWERS?' we said, (*sub silentio*), 'POWERS? By the Powers, that must be *our* POWERS; our faithful, ever-watchful, always-correct foreman of the KNICKERBOCKER at Mr. GRAY's well-regulated printing-office.' And it was 'nobody else;' nor *is* there any body else who better deserves the unexpected tribute which was awarded to him by a corps of gentleman-compositors, who could not be exceeded in a like number, by the choicest selection which could be made from any similar extensive establishment in this city. It was an honor, honorably won, and most honorably bestowed. It is right-minded compositors who *do* such things. - - - MR. 'N. B. VINEYARD,' of Marengo, (Iowa,) have you a bit of broken looking-glass in your sham-poet's garret? If you have, please set it up somewhere where it will stand for a moment, and consult it. You will find it to render back to your probably not '*astonished* gaze' the counterfeit presentment of perhaps one of the meanest Things that walk the earth—a *Literary Thief*. You sent to us the poem entitled '*Thirty-Five*,' published in our last number, as *your*

own: your *name* was appended to it as *its author*; the place of your *residence* was also affixed to it, to identify your locality; and you requested an editorial reference to it by us, if thought worthy of that tribute. And yet you *knew*, when you did all these things, that the poem was written by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and that neither your heart nor your mind (*your heart and your mind!*) ever conceived a sentiment or a thought contained in a line of it. No EDITOR, receiving yearly thousands of poetical communications, can avoid being the victim of such outrageous impositions, when the time of original publication is so remote. But laugh! 'Go your ways,' 'Mr. N. B. VINEYARD' of 'Marengo, (Iowa.)' You were 'faulty,' Sir! - - - READER, did it ever occur to you, what was meant, in a sale of an establishment, mercantile or otherwise, in the city of New-York, by the term, the 'GOOD WILL' of the place? May we, without presumption, present you *our* idea of the same? The old CITY HOTEL, for example, had much 'Good-Will' invested in all parts of the United States, including England, Canada, and parts adjacent. How *much* of that 'good will' was invested in WILLARD and JENNINGS? What would the ASTOR HOUSE be without SRETSON? What would GENIN'S establishment, opposite St. PAUL'S in Broadway, be, but for the courtesy, the hap-hazard, pleasant chat of STOCKING and DEVOE, upon current topics, and the common-sense appreciation of that which might seem at the moment necessary to relieve the mind of a waiting customer? Ask any and all who have been detained by the completion of an order, whether STOCKING and DEVOE have not caused passing TIME to be 'as a thing of naught?' But more than all, and above all, in this kind, (and it will be 'realized,' we think, by many residents of this metropolis, and of country towns and villages adjacent,) we speak now only of the things which we do *know*, namely: that any one who has had occasion to transact business at Messrs. THOMAS HOPE AND COMPANY, at the corner of Chambers-street, opposite the Hudson-River Rail-Road Dépôt, could scarcely have failed to meet with Mr. REDMOND, who has an interest in that extensive and most trustworthy establishment. Can any customer say exactly *why* it is that they wait for *him*? For the reason, that he is never tired—never out of humor. This was said in *one minute*, 't'other night: *late* at night, and the last train about to 'go off': 'Madame, your coffee, mustard, apples, Worcestershire sauce, and Oolong tea, went by the two o'clock train.' 'COLONEL, good evening! Winter has avoided us hitherto, but I think is upon us *now*: The Elements, COLONEL, have become our Enemies—we must now make the most of our Friends. Your 'old Scotch' went up just three minutes ago: and if you had been here you could have gone too.' 'No, Madam—you told me *not* to send the coffee till you called: did you not?' 'I did: but I had forgotten it.' 'Let me tie that little parcel to *this*: a dropping of *one* of these might make you lose the only train which will leave here for Peekskill to-night.' And so with every body: never at fault: of imperturbable good temper: directing a parcel—putting up three at the same time, and all snug, safe and sound—*forgetting nothing*: pen behind his ear: fulfilling five reminiscences of five orders given only a moment before: smiling upon a fair lady at the same time, who is bowing herself out of the

door — such is Mr. REDMOND, of HOPE AND COMPANY, opposite the Hudson River Rail-Road Dépôt, corner of Chambers-street and Hudson. Whoso doubts this to be a true portrait, let him (or her) test its correctness by personal observation. - - - ALTHOUGH we have in the neighborhood of forty pages of small type in the present number, we have nevertheless been compelled to omit many 'good things' from the 'Gossip,' from the pens of old and new correspondents, together with several notices of recent publications. We propose to 'bring up the books, in our next monthly issue, which, life and health being spared, will be printed by the middle of January, upon type entirely new: the handsomest Magazine, we venture, in advance, to say, ever issued in the United States. The following late works have been received, and await future notice:

LIVINGSTONE'S 'Travels and Researches in South-Africa:' Hand-Book of Rail-Road Construction: by GEORGE L. VOSE: MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston: 'PARTHENIA, or the Last Days of Paganism:' 'One Week at Ames, an American City of the Nineteenth Century:' LUCY HOWARD'S Journal: by MRS. SIGOURNEY: 'New American Encyclopedia: edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, and published by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY: Poems by MRS. LOUISA H. NICHOLS: 'White Lies,' by READE: MRS. HORACE MANN'S 'Physiological Cook-Book': 'The Hashesh-Eater:' 'Poems by ROSA:' PARKER'S 'Golden Age of American Oratory': GRACE GREENWOOD'S 'Stories and Legends of Travel and History': 'Twin-Roses,' by MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE, etc.

Of all these, 'more anon.' - - - WHEN we read, as we always do with pleasure, Prof. ADAM SYGHTÉ'S 'Wild Wood Notes' in the Utica 'Morning Herald,' depicting the sports of 'JOHN BROWN hys Tracte,' so freshly does he write, so fervently does he enjoy, that *we*, too, smell again the brown woods; scoot once more through the tangled forest; bump over the 'Godest-verzaken roads as ever vas;' row over the silent, forest-fringed 'South' and 'North' lakes; beguile the 'SPECKLED;' slap the 'Punkies' (anathema!): chat amidst the smudge-fires — 'harmonize' in THE SHAUNTY! 'Bide a wee:' Memory fattens on these things: of which, life and health being spared, 'more anon.' - - - MR. GOLDSMITH, at Number 362 Broadway, has reduced, or we might rather say, raised, *Hand-Writing to a Science*. His instruction is thorough; his copy-books excellent; his success, during long years, complete. - - - WE peruse in a Boston (Massachusetts) daily journal thus: 'Mr. WIGGINS, a wealthy merchant, having been ejected from a city railroad car for refusing to pay his fare, has commenced a suit against the company, on the ground that he was not provided with a seat, and contending that it has no right to demand pay while not furnishing accommodations. The fare demanded was five cents.' WIGGINS is faulty. He should have *paid* the five cents, brought the action in trover, carried it up on sasherarar, in case of a demurrer, and *then* demanded the Habeas Corpus. We must have a sub-law-office in Boston. Suppose the case should go to the 'Appeals'? Knowing the 'Court,' if 'she understand herself, and she think she do,' generally the plaintiff, being a man of means, would have little trouble in ruling the 'ruling.' (See HILL'S Condensed Rep. in Trov., pp. 4386, § 1280.) - - - OUR present readers, and the 'General Public,' are requested to read the *Advertisement of the Fifty-First Volume of the Knickerbocker, on the Second, Third, and Fourth Pages of the present Number.*